

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

ART I.—RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

Vie de Jesus. Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris. 1863. 1 vol. 8vo.

It is no wonder that this book of M. Renan has met with an immense sale, and caused a wide and fluttering excitement. The sale is due to its wonderful attractiveness as a romance; the excitement, to the extreme, undisguised, we may even say unconscious, audacity of its thought. It is the last word of naturalism in its attempts to describe Jesus; and an age which is profoundly naturalistic, without more than half suspecting it, welcomes the book with a shivering delight, feeling that it is its own word, yet afraid to repeat it. The utterance is not untimely nor unexpected. It could not have been more gently or more musically made.

The Four Gospels may be, and have actually been, dealt with in three ways, each originating a school of criticism, and involving marked results touching the historical character of Jesus. They may be considered as materials for a biography, — as literary productions of the age in which they stand, — or as symbolical writings representing, under mythical and poetical forms, the experiences of the human soul. Up to a comparatively recent date the first view was the prevailing one, — we may even say it was the only one. By all, save a few obscure persons who were set aside as mystics, the Gospels as they are were received as genuine, authentic, and complete histories of an individual. As histories they were read; as histories they were studied; as histories they were defended.

To fix their dates, to establish their authority, to maintain their integrity, to arrange their chronologies, to harmonize their statements of fact, to make them appear as complements of each other, was the task of all the Protestant generations. What a task it was they know who have turned over the prodigious piles, the full libraries of books, the sight of which is oppressive to the mind. With the Catholics the Gospels were one source of information respecting Jesus; with the Protestants they were the only source, and their whole faith was pledged to maintain their genuineness. There was, strictly speaking, no criticism. Criticism was forbidden, because it threw doubt on the historical character of documents whose historical character was the only one valued. They were Lives of Jesus, — all the Lives of Jesus there were. The work in hand was to get a full and accurate life of Jesus out of them. All contributions were welcomed which served to make firm, clear, and ample the biographical portraiture. All contributions were declined which threatened to impair the distinctness of a line, or to dull the brilliancy of a piece of color. The laws of historical investigation were jealously held at arm's length; the laws of literary judgment were sternly remanded to their place in the department of secular thought. These books were held to be exceptions to all mental productions. In regard to them harmonies were in order, not discussions. Other books might be examined with a view to the discovery of their constituent elements, and the separation of the genuine from the fictitious, of the false from the true. These could be examined with a view only to the establishment of the complete unity of all their parts, to the reconciliation of discrepancies, and the covering over of defects, — the final purpose being, not to discover precisely who and what Jesus was, but to vindicate as historical the person whom Christendom revered.

This school, if it may be so called, was substantially destroyed by the Rationalists, at the head of whom the popular opinion places Strauss. It was succeeded in the order of thought, and also in the order of time, by the school of literary criticism which was instituted and conducted by Baur. This school dealt with the Gospels simply as the literary produc-

tions of the age to which they belonged; as writings, not specially as biographical writings; as books, not peculiarly as historical books. Its effort was to find the key to their composition, not to prove that they were the compositions of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. If piecing the Evangelists together was the task of the first class of scholars, to take the Evangelists in pieces was the task assigned by their age to this class. To separate, not to combine; to dissect, not to integrate; to discriminate, not to confound; to analyze, not to mix, — was their duty. Soon the books ceased to be regarded as lives of Jesus; and all attempt at constructing a life of Jesus from them was silently abandoned. They were read as treatises, as arguments, as essays in irenics and polemics, — written each with motive and purpose and aim of its own. The historical element in them remained at last very meagre and very vague. The historical personality of Jesus disappeared in a turbulent mist of speculation, till it was almost forgotten. From ceasing primarily to look for it, the school gradually forgot it, and finally lost it.

This school of criticism, the only school that can fairly be called critical, has little vogue, but probably has all it ever will have. Its literary character confines it to literary men. It has no interest whatever save for scholars who are interested in the productions of antiquity, in the intellectual origin of Christian theology, and in the historical modifications and changes of human thought. Mr. R. W. Mackay makes desperate attempts to keep it alive; but the fate of his own books is the fate of his enterprise. Christendom cares for the Gospels only as they are in one or another sense Lives of Jesus, — only as they represent spiritual truths under the form of a personality.

The way is now prepared for a third school, which is becoming larger, stronger, and more prevailing with every year. To this class belong such books as General Hitchcock's "Christ the Spirit." The life of Jesus is the study once more, but not the life of the historical Jesus. The Gospels are regarded as biographies of the spiritual Christ, the spiritual man, the soul of man. The letter is a symbol, an allegory, a myth, and is surrendered without scruple to the critics. Strauss

and Baur may do their worst on it. The truth is under it, not in it, and the more it is pulled to pieces and shaken up the better, for then it will be seen that the Christ is not there, but is risen to the sphere where only the spiritual can find him. There are some who go so far as to contend that the literal accounts of the sayings and doings of Jesus are illusive, deceptive, and even contradictory, from the nature of the case; because the natural can never represent, but can only misrepresent, the spiritual. The spiritual Christ, however, is there prefigured; and the students of this school labor as zealously to unveil and recover him, as the scholars of the first school labored to restore his image.

M. Renan belongs to the first of these schools. He takes the Evangelists as biographers, and goes to them in the hope of finding the natural historical Jesus who lived in Judæa and Galilee nearly two thousand years ago. He makes no allusion to the mystical theories which regard the Gospels as books of the soul; he makes no account of their obvious symbolism, nor does he make much account of the fact that another than an historical purpose was probably active in the composition of the fourth Evangelist, whose allegorical and mystical character has always been confessed. There is no reference to the historical studies of Gfrörer, nor is there an intimation that the writer is acquainted with the labors of Baur and others who have taken the Gospels out of the department of history and assigned them to the department of dogmatics.

M. Renan takes up the Gospels as biographies; not, of course, with the guilelessness, the confidence, the frank credulity, of the scholars of the last generation. He has questioned, doubted, rejected much; he has read Strauss, and, although he believes him mistaken in his theory of the formation of the Gospels, and wrong in leaving the historical for the theological field, still he thinks it indispensable to follow his "always judicious, though sometimes over subtle discussion." The Gospels, he says, are not biographies after the fashion of Suetonius, — they are legendary biographies. He would liken them to the Lives of Plotinus, Isidore, Proclus, and other writings of the same class, where historical truth and a purpose to present models of virtue mingle in different degrees.

The reader, he remarks, must be particularly struck with the inexactitude that is a feature in all these popular writings. Contradictions on points of time, place, personal incidents, are regarded as insignificant by their composers. A great many recitals are invented with the object of bringing into salient relief some trait in the physiognomy of Jesus. This physiognomy itself undergoes changes from day to day. Many anecdotes are designed to prove that the Messianic prophecies had their fulfilment in him. It is extremely rare that two narratives accord, even when they both report the same fact. The details provoke infinite doubts. "It is almost unnecessary to say, that, with such documents, granting only what is incontestable, one must confine himself to general outlines. One may venture to say, that, among the anecdotes, the discourses, the celebrated words recorded by the historians, not one that is rigorously authentic can be found. The four principal books are in flagrant contradiction with each other."

To M. Renan's critical judgment on the authenticity, date, and character of the Four Gospels we attach little value, regarding it as based on literary conjecture rather than on severe scholarly examination. It strikes us as the rapid, popular, off-hand verdict of an exceedingly clever *littérateur*, practised in the reading of Oriental literature, who at a glance takes in the probabilities of the case, and substitutes an *a priori* "must have been so" for an established "so it was." We suspect him of placing his documents where it was convenient for him to have them. There did seem to be a danger that he would not have them at all; that they would be blown to bits, and their fragments scattered all abroad. Judging from his historical scepticism just described, it would seem that nothing was left from which an authentic or connected biography could be constructed; and it is no matter of surprise to us that the author should wish to pick up his broken pieces, and pile them all carefully together within the limits of the apostolical age. On the whole, M. Renan admits, in his grand, careless way, the authenticity of the four canonical Gospels; he assigns them all to the first century, and substantially to the authors whose names they bear. Matthew and Mark are

both "arrangements," that is to say, compilations, digests, the originals having been lost. Matthew is inestimably precious for the long discourses of Jesus which he preserves, and which are undoubtedly genuine examples of his teaching. "The true words of Jesus disclose themselves here. One touches them in the chaos of traditions, and feels them vibrate. They choose their own place in the narrative, and stand out there with a relief that is without parallel." For the rest, the narrative portions of the first Gospel have less authority. It abounds in legends of a faded complexion, which have emanated from the piety of the second generation. Mark is pronounced valuable as a collection of anecdotes far more exact in details of fact than the first Gospel, but brief, dry, and badly digested. This Gospel is based, he thinks, on memoranda by Peter, and is the most ancient and original of the three Synoptics, the least corrupted by late additions, and the least cumbered with fabulous inventions; full of minute observations as of an eyewitness, who followed Jesus, loved him, scrutinized him, and preserved a lively image of him.

The historical value of Luke's work is sensibly less. It is a document at second hand, studied, elaborate, manufactured; a work of perfect unity and completeness, written entirely by one man, who was skilled in the art of selecting and combining his materials and producing an artistic composition; a man who never saw the witnesses, but worked from manuscripts, and took great and even violent liberty with them, in order to make them agree, — combining here, separating there, putting a sense of his own into the texts before him, and reproducing legends in beautiful forms, — less an evangelist than a "biographer," but a biographer of the first century, a divine artist, who shows us the character of the founder of the religion with a felicity of touch, a glowing harmony of combination, a boldness of relief, of which the other two have no idea. His literary art is commended as heightening singularly the effect of his portraiture without materially injuring its truth.

M. Renan discusses the Gospel of John at greater length, even to the extent of twelve of his freely printed pages. He admits that it savors of a dogmatic interest that is peculiar to the composer; that it contains ideas wholly foreign to those of

Jesus, and sometimes indications of bad faith that put the reader on his guard ; that it is full of metaphysical abstractions ; that it betrays incessantly the preoccupations of the apologist, the afterthoughts of the sectary, — a purpose to prove a thesis and to convince an adversary ; that it abounds in wearisome and pretentious tirades, badly written, and of small significance to the moral sense ; that the discourses, so far from being historical, are compositions destined to cover with the authority of Jesus certain doctrines dear to the writer ; that some portions of the book were late additions ; that one entire chapter is ungenune ; that John himself had little to do with its complexion, and that his disciples used his precious notes in a sense wholly alien from the original evangelical spirit ; — and yet, after these tremendous, and it would seem fatal admissions, he contends that the Gospel came out from the great school of Asia Minor, which attached itself to John, and he claims it as demonstrated by external and internal evidence that the Gospel presents a version of the Master's life worthy of being taken into high consideration, and often of being preferred. He is tempted to believe that John, in his old age, having read the Gospels that were in circulation, on one side remarked their various and conflicting inaccuracies, on another side was chilled on perceiving that the place accorded to himself in the history of the Christ was not sufficiently exalted ; that straightway thereupon he began to dictate a crowd of things which he knew better than the rest, with the design of showing that, in many cases where Peter alone was mentioned, he had figured as chief. After the death of his brother James, John remained sole heir of the intimate souvenirs of which they two, by general admission, had been the recipients. Hence his perpetual care to mention that he is the last survivor of the eyewitnesses ; hence the pleasure he takes in jotting down circumstantial trifles which none but he could know ; hence finally the disorder of the arrangement, the irregularity of the march, the rents in the opening chapters ; all of which one looks for in the reminiscences of an old man, here prodigiously fresh, there strangely altered.

No one ever ventured to treat the Evangelists with such freedom as this brilliant Frenchman indulges in with all the

guilelessness and *naïveté* of a child. His results, we believe, are not justified by scientific criticism. We think he allows too much historical value to Mark and John, too little to Matthew. We are confident that he makes too little account of the speculative and dogmatical character of all the Four Gospels. We are sure that he makes too little account of the theological and mystical tendency of the fourth; and when he speaks of Luke alone as being a "composition," we wonder with what eyes he could have studied John, that consummate literary work, whose every chapter and verse and word in fact bear traces of careful and exquisite art. But even if the singular modesty and the inimitable grace with which M. Renan puts forth his opinions did not disarm criticism of its severity, we should remember that he does not bring forward his opinions as the result of critical study, but as the result of literary insight, trained by long practice in reading works of this character; and his insight is really wonderful, — so wonderful that we are almost ready to lay down our clumsy critical weapons at his feet.

It is not easy to see how, from such materials as he is willing to accept, M. Renan or anybody else could construct a life of Jesus. And nobody that we ever heard of could. But this man is a genius, and takes the freedom of a genius. He has the eye of an Agassiz in his department. He is a sculptor who can construct a Hercules from a foot. Nay, he can do more than that; he can recover the form of Jesus from a few half-obliterated foot-prints, and can make the form breathe and glow with a freshness that not many strictly historical characters possess. We have here truly a Life of Jesus of Nazareth, the only one that has ever yet been written, — a real human life, with human cares and recreations, helps and hinderances, prudences and mistakes, victories and overthrows. It is, of course, a life seen from the human point of view, and from that only; a natural life, natural in its origin, its course, its close, — natural in its motive, its purpose, and its principle. The Archbishop of Paris will not be the only one to pronounce it anathema. The whole of "believing" Christendom will declare it accursed. It will find a welcome nowhere probably inside the Church as an authentic record of the Master's career, or as a fair presentation of the Master's person; but it will be hailed

with enthusiasm by thousands who think of Jesus simply as a man; and it will be read with mingled abhorrence and pleasure by some few pious Christians, whose faith, strong enough to be undisturbed by the rationalism, will love to cull its tender and fragrant flowers for the shrine of their divinity.

We fear it will be impossible to offer any specimens of M. Renan's fruit without rubbing off the bloom; but we must attempt it and do the best we can without resorting to quotations, — a course forbidden by the number and richness of the passages we have marked. The freedom and beauty of the style we should despair of giving in a translation; that only the readers of French can enjoy. It is the style of a brilliant and confident narrator of contemporary events; the elegant secular style of the man of letters; the warm, earnest, eloquent style of the enthusiast. The words are taken from the vocabulary of graceful common speech. There is no pedantry in the nouns, and no conventionality in the adjectives. It is the language of the parlor, not of the lecture-room or the library. The story of Jesus becomes new merely from being clothed in its soft-yielding texture, and set off by its rich but tasteful colors. No wonder the "Life" has been called a romance. The diction would make any story romantic. It is marvellous how completely it takes up and assimilates all the material to be used. Every fragment of knowledge is worked into the substance of the fabric. There are no loose ends of conjecture hanging out; no rough seams of discussion marring the smoothness of the piece. Exceedingly brief foot-notes and references reveal ample stores of learning, and suggest all the thought that any one could desire; but no shreds of learning and no processes of reasoning appear in the fair and flowing text, which ripples in poetry, but never is ruffled by doubt. Whatever perplexities the author may have grappled with are hidden from the reader, who never suspects the depth of the stream over whose sunny surface he floats so charmingly.

This is the only Life of Jesus that does the least justice to the cheerful aspects of the subject. It is pervaded with an atmosphere of natural, simple, pastoral joyousness. Written by one who has travelled and resided in the East, written

under Eastern skies, it is steeped in the air of the Orient. The description of Galilee — its landscapes, its lake, the life of its fishing and pastoral people — is delicious. The whole environment of Jesus is sketched with surpassing delicacy and effectiveness, and with equal delicacy and effectiveness he is placed in the centre of it, — young, beautiful, enthusiastic, earnest, enjoying, and making others enjoy with him, “the lovely dream which humanity has lived on ever since, and whose faint perfume it is our consolation now to inhale.” We have before us the eloquent, eager youth, with his charming inexperience, fascinating old and young, wise and simple, by his engaging ways, surrounded by a group of men and women, all characterized by the same spirit of juvenile candor and fresh innocence, and basking in the frank and festive atmosphere that reigned about him. We hear the cordial greetings, the pleasant repartees, the keen jests, the witty aphorisms, the happy stories, the wise but genial lessons, of the “charming Teacher who forgave all provided they loved him.” We feel the edge of his “fine irony,” as he assures the dignified, grave, and rigid moralists that there is no chance of their getting into heaven unless they follow the good example set them by the publicans and the women of the town. We see his invective flashing about the head of the Pharisee, — his inexhaustible butt for sportive and biting sarcasm. With what exquisite caricature he pictures him at his prayers! “Through eighteen centuries he trails behind him in rags the Nessus coat of ridicule which Jesus wove for him with his divine art.”

The Jesus of M. Renan's picture is a child of Nature. Smiling and sublime, she is his only teacher. No doubt he had learned by heart the little songs the children at school recited in unison, one of which he quotes when children are brought to him for his caress; but he is no scholar, is unacquainted with the Hebrew and Greek literature, and probably does not speak the Greek language. His mind preserves that fresh *naïveté* which an extended and varied culture always weakens. He is a poet, relishes allegorical interpretations, is fond, doubtless, of Daniel and Enoch, with their tremendous imagery of coming Messiahs and the destruction of the world. His innocence

of all worldly experience betrays itself constantly by his speech. He has no precise idea of the Roman power ; he had seen the buildings, probably, of Tiberias, Cæsarea, Diocæsarea, Sebaste ; and their ostentatious architecture brought to Judæa, piece by piece, long ranges of columns of the same diameter, the ornament of some insipid *Rue de Rivoli*, he calls “ the kingdoms of the world and all their glory.” “ His idea of a royal court is a place where people wear fine clothes.” His conception of aristocratic society is that which would be natural to a young villager, who saw the world through the prism of his rustic fancy. But he is never dazzled by these pomps. His love is always for the Galilean villages, — confused heaps of cabins, threshing-floors, and wine-presses cut in the rock, wells, tombs, fig-trees, olive-trees. This Jesus knows nothing of science, although born at an epoch when the principle of positive science was already proclaimed by Lucretius, and published in the great centres of human culture. He lives in the open faith in the supernatural, differing in no point here from his superstitious fellow-countrymen. He believes in the Devil, and fancies that nervous disorders are produced by demons, who get into the sufferer and shake him. The marvellous is not the exceptional in his view, it is the normal. But in his great soul the faith in God’s special action, which fills vulgar minds with stupid credulity and makes them dupes of charlatans, tends only to beget a profound sense of God’s intimate relations with man, and an exorbitant persuasion of human power, — “ lovely mistakes which were the principle of his force.” He is a splendid idealist ; and, like all idealists, he lives in his ideas, and makes small account of blood relationships ; his kindred occupy but very little place in his affections. They seem not to have loved him, and there are moments when his attitude towards them is forbidding.

Gradually, as his career advances, and his social relations become multiplied and complicated, as the number of disciples increases, and circumstances force him to take a decided public position as a reformer, traces of a sagacious and politic disposition appear ; he employs “ innocent artifices ” to gain disciples, affecting to know their secrets, showing an intimate acquaintance with their affairs, letting them believe that his

natural insight into their characters is a marvellous gift bestowed on him by inspiration. Reports get about that he talks on the mountains with Moses and Elias. It is a popular notion, that in his moments of solitude angels come to pay him homage. To meet the expectation of his times, which he was able to do without shocking his own faith or violating his own moral sense, he accepts the character of a miracle-worker, and in this character "acts which we should now consider traits of illusion or of folly hold a large place in his life." This *rôle* appears to be disagreeable sometimes; often he performs a miracle only after being importuned, clearly in ill-humor, reproaching those who claim it with the grossness of their minds. He charges those he has cured not to tell anybody, as if he were a little ashamed of what he had been about. When his enemies ask for a miracle, — a sign from heaven, a meteor, — he stubbornly refuses to grant their request. Some of his cures, M. Renan thinks, seemed miraculous only in the eyes of credulous lookers-on, or in the telling of third, fourth, and fifth hand reporters; some were the effect of his singularly magnetic presence on sensitive organizations; some were wrought by the patient's own faith; some were managed with a little stratagem. There was nothing in the mind of M. Renan's Jesus to make miracle-working appear impossible or improbable: the prophets had wrought miracles; miracles were expected from the Christ; he felt himself to be the Christ, and may without difficulty have persuaded himself, through others' wonder, or his own faith, that his works were more marvellous than they really were.

For Jesus is painted here as a splendid visionary. The conviction that he is to bring in the reign of God takes absolute possession of his mind. He regards himself as the universal reformer. Heaven, earth, all nature, madness, malady, death, are his tools. In the grandeur of his heroic will he believes himself to be all-mighty. If the world does not lend itself to his supreme transfiguration, the world shall be burned, purged with God's breath and with flame; a new heaven shall be created, and the whole earth shall be peopled with angels. He is no politician; he never dreams of revolt against the Romans or the governors. His submission to established

powers, derisory through and through, is nevertheless complete. He pays tribute to Cæsar, to avoid scandal. Why trouble life with vain susceptibilities? Despising the earth, convinced that the present world is beneath regard, he takes refuge in his ideal kingdom, and founds the grand doctrine of sublime disdain, — "true doctrine of soul-freedom which alone brings peace." Not that his mind is free from shadows; strange temptations sometimes beset him. Many times, probably, he proposes to himself the question, Is the kingdom of God to be realized by force or by gentleness, by revolt or by patience? Ignorant of the power of the Roman empire, he might, with the fund of enthusiasm which he could draw on in Judæa, hope even to found a kingdom by audacity and the number of his partisans. But his fine nature saves him from the mistake which would have made him a Theudas or a Barcochab. He never purposes other than a moral revolution, but he does not at first intrust its execution to angels and the last trump. He will act on men and by means of men.

Jesus is an anarchist, for he has no idea of civil government; it appears to him purely and simply an abuse. He talks like a man who has no notion of statesmanship; every magistrate is in his eyes a natural enemy of the children of God. He bids his disciples embroil themselves with the police, without for a moment suspecting that there is cause to blush in such conduct; and yet not once does the thought of an armed resistance present itself in tangible form. He is no spiritualist, for he looks for a palpable realization of his kingdom on the earth. He has not the faintest notion of soul as separate from body. But he is an accomplished idealist; and his peculiar idea is, that suffering and resignation are all-powerful, — that purity of heart gains the victory over might. Now, one might take him for a democratic leader, wishing simply the reign of the poor and the outcast; at another time, the empire he looks for seems to be a literal fulfilment of the apocalyptic visions of Daniel and Enoch. Then, again, the kingdom is a kingdom of souls, and the approaching deliverance a deliverance by the truth. Several conceptions lay side by side unreconciled in his consciousness. He never will mingle in mundane affairs, or concern himself with temporal interests.

When people bring to him their pecuniary and domestic difficulties, he repels them proudly, and with the air of one who feels himself insulted. The actual order of human society, and the actual series of human events, are drawing, he is persuaded, to a close. The Son of Man is shortly to appear in glory, sitting on clouds upborne by angels. There will be a great judgment, — a sentence executed by seraphs ; at the end an eternal paradise, robes of light, perpetual festivity, seats at the upper board with Abraham, the patriarchs, and prophets, for the good ; for the bad, a dark, shadowy, foul valley, full of crawling worms, gnawing serpents, inextinguishable fires, weeping and gnashing of teeth. There will be eating and drinking in the new kingdom, but no marriage, says the young ascetic.

These ideas, so abstract for us, are living realities for him ; all, in his thought, is concrete and substantial ; he is a man who believes with all his might in the reality of the ideal. The need there is of gaining credit and imparting enthusiasm involves him in embarrassing and contradictory ideas. His persuasion that an intimate connection exists between God and the soul leads to the assumption of titles that are to us suggestive only of intolerable arrogance, and renders him a ready receiver of the high names and honors which his adorers heap on him. To the believers of the Millenarian school, enthusiastic readers of Daniel and Henoch, he is Son of Man ; to the Jews of the ordinary persuasion, readers of Isaiah and Micah, he is Son of David ; to the initiated, he is Son of God ; — accepting whichever title promises to be most popular and the best watchword of success. Without, probably, dabbling in the innocent frauds practised by his friends to justify their application to him, in the end he takes pleasure in these names, and displays a more cheerful alacrity in working miracles when he is addressed by them. Does he authorize by his silence the fictitious genealogies which his partisans invent in order to prove his royal descent ? Does he know anything of the legends in vogue that make him out a native of Bethlehem ? Nobody can tell. There are tales abroad very early about his relations with celebrated men, — John the Baptist, Herod the Great, Chaldaean astrologers who came to Jerusa-

lem to see him, saintly old men and women who testified, while he was an infant, to his future greatness ; legends of his birth, his cradle, his childish and boyish days, his baptism, and so forth. After his death, such traditions come out in vast proportions, but during his lifetime they circulate without meeting anything worse than a pious credulity and a simple-minded admiration. Jesus lets them pass. This tacit acquiescence in serviceable errors our author excuses in one who takes human nature as it is, with its illusions, and seeks to act on it and to act with it through them. " Cæsar knew well enough that he was not the son of Venus. France would not have been what she is, if she had not believed a thousand years in the holy phial of Rheims. It is very easy for us, imbeciles as we are, to call this lying, and, proud of our sneaking honesty, to treat with disdain the heroes who have accepted, under other conditions, the battle of life. When we shall have done with our scruples as much as they did with their falsehoods, we shall have earned the right to be severe." M. Renan puts in for Jesus the plea that he was an Oriental, and is, therefore, not to be judged by the Western standard of morals. A singular plea, considering the low opinion he entertains of the morality of the East. For it not only puts Jesus outside of our sympathy, but it makes the charges or the admissions against him universal when they were particular. Instead of exculpating him from a few sins, it implicates him in a general infirmity of race. We can overlook separate faults in a character whose substance is of rarest and sweetest principle. But if suspicion be thrown on the texture of the character, all the deeds are tainted.

With general views like these, we are not surprised that M. Renan holds Jesus to the very letter of his ethical teaching. Every word of the Sermon on the Mount he takes to have been spoken in all seriousness and simplicity. The absolute trust in Providence for clothing and bread, the charge to put away all care for earthly support, the parables of the ravens and the lilies, the praise of poverty, bear no figurative sense. This Jesus is a believer in his Utopia, an unconscious and informal, but a true and sincere brother of the Essenes. The first condition of discipleship with him is the conversion of property

into coin, and the distribution of it among the poor. None who recoil from this extravagance are friends of his. In one strange parable he commends an agent because he made friends of the poor at his employer's expense, in order that the poor, in their turn, might get him into the kingdom, where the poor are the stewards. Dives goes to hell, because he was rich and fared sumptuously every day. Pauperism entitles Lazarus to the best place at table with Abraham. Mendicity is a virtue. To own nothing is the true evangelical state. The man who most resembles Jesus is Francis of Assisi. The mendicant orders of the Middle Age, grouped under the banner of the eternal Gospel, were in fact his genuine disciples.

These gentle, sweet ethics of Galilee, and of the happy period when his career was a continuous festival,—when his presence in a house was greeted as a benediction, when the entire village turned out to render him hospitality, when the children crowded about him for his kiss, when the ass he rode was followed by simple folks waving branches, singing songs, moving in dances, shouting, and spreading garments in the road,—become sadly changed in the latter months of his life, when he is battling with foes in Jerusalem. The picture of those months M. Renan outlines and colors with masterly effect. He describes the young enthusiast coming down to the barren, sterile, hard region about Jerusalem, and presenting himself a stranger and a rustic in the city, whose worldly atmosphere always oppressed him. We see the sadness gathering over him, the gloom clouding his soul. We witness his cautious walk among the snares that are spread for his feet, his contact with hypocrisy, bigotry, cruelty, his conflict with open and secret foes. We see him in the thick of the metropolis, jostled by Scribes and Pharisees, bewildered by noise, haunted by importunate questioners, taunted, insulted, ridiculed, far from his dear Galilee, with no solitude save a little patch of garden at the foot of the city wall, with a few olive-trees, no mountain elevation, no free air, no privacy short of the little hamlet of Bethany, where lived some friends who loved him. His tone changes from that of an enthusiast to that of an ascetic. He wages fierce war against the flesh, and all its relations. A rough, morose sentiment of disgust for the world, of excessive

abnegation, bespeaks a man who is casting off his humanity. He seems to forget the pleasures of living and loving. He becomes denaturalized. Family, friendship, country, are nothing to him. "Sometimes, one is tempted to think, seeing in his own death a means of founding his kingdom, he deliberately meditates the design of causing himself to be killed." A strange taste for persecution and suffering penetrates him. His visions of the future rise to a terrible grandeur. His natural sweetness seems to have abandoned him; he is often rude and odd. There are moments when his disciples cannot comprehend him, and experience a kind of fear in his presence. His ill-humor, aroused by opposition, draws him into conduct that is inexplicable and apparently absurd. He breaks forth with fierce wrath against the towns that would not give him welcome. Now and then, one would say, his mind is disturbed. He has agonies and inward convulsions. The vision of the kingdom of God flaming before his eyes night and day makes him giddy. His disciples, in moments, think him crazy, his enemies declare him possessed. His temperament, passionate to excess, carries him in an instant beyond the bounds of human nature. Addressing himself no longer to human reason, he imperiously demands faith. His virtue does not fail; it is not that, but the struggle of the idealist with realities becomes insupportable. His contact with the earth bruises him. He is betrayed into furious invective against his opponents. He gives directions to his followers which bore cruel fruit in the Middle Age, as when he seems to sanction the betrayal of brother by brother, and of father by son. He concedes nothing to necessity; he demands self-mutilation, the cutting off of hands, the plucking out of eyes; at the same time he craves honors more and more. He promises immortality to a woman who breaks a box of oil and pours the precious contents over his feet. He accepts strange services from his friends, who, in their jealousy for his fame, and in their anxiety to sustain his failing cause in Jerusalem, resort to discreditable impostures in his behalf. His friend Lazarus, who had been sick, causes himself to be wrapped around with grave-clothes, and placed in his family tomb, as if he were a corpse. His sisters, entering into the plot, beg Jesus to come and awake him from death.

The people gather about the place, and mistake the natural emotion of Jesus, who honestly thinks his friend is dead, for the nervous excitement attending the working of a miracle. Lazarus plays his part with surpassing skill, and the rumor of a resurrection flies abroad.

Our resolution to let M. Renan tell his own story, without interruption, at this point breaks down. Again and again we have barely succeeded in resisting the temptation to ask our readers to enjoy with us some tidbit of criticism from this dainty French *cuisine*. But now we must pause long enough to utter one great ejaculation at the extraordinary *niaiserie* of this new version of the resurrection of Lazarus. Verily, these French are a marvellous people. There are none like them for burlesquing the divine without knowing it. Who else would have had the fancy to give precisely this turn to the story? Who else would have had the supreme coolness to offer it without a blush, and a few pages later to speak of the chief actor in the imposture as a man who condensed into himself all that is good and noble in human nature? An ordinary man might have been content with dismissing the story as resting on the insufficient evidence of a single Evangelist, and he the latest of all. But by this time all will have perceived that M. Renan is not an ordinary man.

Now to proceed. The plot of the resurrection is a failure. It makes more enemies than friends. The end must come. Hidden from the multitude by the crowd of teachers and sectaries who abound in the sacred city, repelled by the aristocracy as a provincial, ensnared by the logicians, disdained by the Sadducees, hated by the vulgar Jews because he opened the gates of the kingdom to the unbeliever in Moses, detested by the priesthood as an innovator, a heretic, a peace-breaker, a fanatic who would soon embroil them with the Roman authorities, there remains no choice for Jesus but to leave Judæa, or to be crushed. Flee he will not. His soul rises higher and higher at the nearness of death. For an instant the thought of resistance crosses his mind. He speaks of swords; and hints at arming his disciples; but a moment's reflection convinces him that it would be useless, and he surrenders himself to his fate with a majesty all his own.

We need not follow M. Renan further in his narrative. It contains little that is specially worthy of remark. The last days, though well described, are described with fewer touches of his peculiar style of treatment than the earlier passages of the life. There is less room for novel interpretations. The scenes at the supper and in the garden are vividly portrayed; the grounds of arrest and of accusation are delicately analyzed; the process of trial is carefully detailed. The immediate cause of the martyr's death is supposed to have been the rupture of a vessel in the heart, occasioned by the strain of hanging on the cross. The question of the resurrection, or rather of the popular belief in the resurrection, for the resurrection he could not believe in even if he believed in personal immortality, M. Renan postpones to his next volume, on the Apostolic Age. Here he drops a tender veil over the sorrow, and contents himself with describing in fearful colors the fate of those who dug the grave.

We have given, perhaps, a faint notion of this new Life of Jesus,—a very faint one it is, we are bound to say. If our readers, on glancing at our sketch, are disposed to ascribe the work to an irreverent, audacious, impious, and mocking spirit, we beg them to listen one moment to our protest against such injustice to the author. He is no intentional mocker, nor in his five hundred pages can one line of levity be found. The book is full of expressions of the most profound respect, the most cordial admiration, the tenderest love, the purest and most earnest reverence. It is saturated with the fragrance of sweet and heartfelt homage. No devotee of the Saviour, no worshipper of the incarnate Deity, ever warmed his listener with the glow of his adoration more thoroughly than does M. Renan with his human enthusiasm. He has always an apology for the weakness he must admit, an explanation of the mistake he cannot conceal, a plea for the errors he is compelled to allow, a womanly pity for the frailties he is unable honestly to deny, a manly sympathy with the sorrow, a manly adoration for the nobleness. Jesus, he says, opened God to all mankind. He proclaimed the royalty of the soul. He created a heaven of pure souls, where are found what one seeks in vain on earth,—the perfect nobleness of God's children, absolute purity, total

withdrawal from the soils of the earth, the liberty which actual society excludes as an impossibility, and which finds its scope only in the domain of thought. He made Christianity almost a synonyme for religion. He founded religion on humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy on it, as Aristotle founded on it science. The idea of pure worship he established forever. He established the absolute religion, excluding nothing, insisting on nothing but sentiment. M. Renan strains the power of speech in exalting the personal character of Jesus, apart from which all his doctrines, and all doctrines, would have been powerless to engage or affect the world. His religion, he declares, was based not on a dogma, not on a sentiment, but on a life, or rather on a great soul. His essential achievement was to have brought around him a circle of disciples in whom he inspired an unlimited attachment, and in whose bosom he deposited the seeds of his teaching. He made himself loved, so that after his death men ceased not to love him.

"Let us place at the highest summit of human grandeur," he exclaims, "the person of Jesus! His character, far from being embellished by his biographers, has been dwarfed by them. This sublime person, who every day presides yet over the destinies of the world, we may be permitted to call Divine, not in the ordinary theological sense, but in this sense, that he has made his race take the longest step towards the Divine. He is the highest of those columns that show man whence he came and whither he tends. All of good and noble that there is in our nature was condensed in him. He was not impeccable; he conquered the same passions that we fight with; no angel from God comforted but the angel in his own conscience, no Satan tempted him but the Satan every one carries in his heart. But never to the same degree did mortal make the interests of humanity supreme over the littlenesses of self-love. Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will renew its youth incessantly, his legend will draw tears without end, his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all ages will proclaim that among all the children of men no one greater than Jesus has been born."

And now, apart from all criticism of details, which would be useless, seeing that one detail involves all, what shall we say of this new *Life of Jesus*? We say this. That its critical estimate of the Gospels would not be accepted, nor would its critical method be acquiesced in by any school of Biblical scholars,

least of all by any scientific school. Although appealing frequently to the rules of historical treatment, his own treatment of the materials before him is arbitrary and capricious. His criterion of Evangelical authenticity is his individual taste ; and his taste, unlike that of the great master Ewald, is the taste of an epicure who likes fancy cakes better than plain bread. Nor is this all. Uncertain as his method is, and framed as it is to suit his own particular purpose, he does not abide by it ; nor outside of his Introduction does he refer to it in the most casual manner. No one would suspect that he was compiling his narrative from documents "among whose anecdotes, discourses, celebrated words, not one that is rigorously authentic can be found." All passes for authentic that helps his work, nothing passes for authentic that does not facilitate his composition. He pronounces the discourses in John unhistorical, but uses them freely. He declares that the incidents in Matthew are untrustworthy, and puts them in without apology or explanation. He rejects the story of Judas's violent death as impossible, without assigning a critical doubt ; and drags in the raising of Lazarus as an imposture, in defiance of critical doubt.

These are serious defects in a work that professes to be eminently historical ; but these are trifling when compared with other faults. M. Renan writes his narrative like a cool, sagacious, admiring, but thoroughly worldly-wise contemporary of the events he describes. Forgetting the advantage which eighteen centuries of thought and experience give to the modern historian ; forgetting the place that Jesus holds in the estimation of the world ; forgetting the effects he has wrought on the souls, hearts, lives of men ; forgetting his power as an agent of social revolution, he imputes to him the weaknesses of ordinary humanity, judges him by the rules he would apply to ordinary men, condemns or praises him, excuses or apologizes for him, as if he were an unknown actor in the medley of ordinary history ; — a course not only unjustifiable on grounds of fair biography, but inconsistent with the verdict on Jesus which he finally pronounces himself. For when he says, "The faith, the enthusiasm, the constancy, of the first Christian generation can only be explained on the supposition that Jesus was a per-

son of colossal proportions," he admits that the Evangelists did not furnish all the data requisite for a complete judgment, and that the true point of view must be taken in the age that succeeded them. He should have done one of two things: either he should have pronounced his final judgment in accordance with the *Life* and as the result of his investigation, or he should have brought to the investigation the light of knowledge gathered from these other sources, and have written the *Life* with the aid of the material furnished by after generations. At present there is all the difference between the last chapter and those that precede it, that there is between naturalism and spiritualism, between the judgment of the unbeliever and the judgment of the believer, between the Jew and the Christian. The *Life* is the result of intellectual analysis; the verdict is the result of spiritual synthesis. In the *Life* he surveys Jesus with the unillumined eyes of a contemporary; in the verdict he borrows the vision of believing successors. In the *Life* he takes the uncertain, conflicting testimony of the by-standers; in the verdict he calls in the unanimous witnesses of the soul. The Jesus whose career he paints is a visionary, an anarchist, an enthusiast, a socialist; the Jesus whose character he describes with such eulogium is the ideal of human nature, the prophet, priest, and king of the human soul.

The *Life* is a natural life; as a natural life, it is the best that has been, probably it is the best that will be or can be written. Never again, it is likely, will a man of equal genius, insight, learning, taste, enthusiasm, constructive and graphic power, keenness as a thinker, skill as a writer, undertake the task of constructing a *Life* of Jesus from the Four Gospels alone, under the trying conditions which modern criticism imposes, and from the simple natural point of view. But in saying this, we simply say that the work is the more splendid as a failure, and this for the reason that the *Life* of Jesus cannot be written from a natural, but must be written from a spiritual point of view. He has written his own autobiography, and Christendom is his epistle. To reach the historical Jesus, we must come down to him from above, not creep up to him from below. Christendom understands Christ better than his disci-

ples understood him ; can furnish a wiser interpretation of his language, can supply a nobler theory of his deeds. We speak of them as eyewitnesses ; but eyewitnesses are not always, nor are they ordinarily, mind-witnesses ; still more rarely are they soul-witnesses. And the disciples, from the testimony of their own records, seem to have been witnesses neither of mind nor soul.

Perception is an interior thing. It is the mind that sees. The best eyes will be of little use where there is no "speculation" in them. These men had not much of that same speculation. Their minds were not illuminated, and consequently their eyes were not open. The image of Jesus which they give us, however accurate as an object painted on the retina, may be very inaccurate, therefore, as an object mirrored in thought. Our thought is, we know, clearer, healthier, more discerning than theirs was ; our sensibility is less jarred by private passion, our reverence is less colored by personal hope and fear. In a word, our idea of Jesus is at once more rational than theirs was, and more spiritual. Our picture of Jesus must therefore be more correctly drawn. Nay, we are at liberty to reject their delineation as wholly inexact, without altering a single one of their data.

On general principles, we dissent entirely from those who, beginning their study of human nature with a study of animal nature, and thinking to qualify themselves for a final judgment on man by gaining an exhaustive knowledge first of all fish, flesh, and fowl, come cautiously crawling up out of the slime of the pre-Adamite earth, and make a leap for Adam from the crown of an ape. Man throws more light on the reptile than the reptile throws on him. So the grandeur of a man shows itself in and through his organization ; the spirit explains the body, the soul answers questions about the senses ; but you cannot leap from nerve to thought, from the organ of knowledge to the faculty of knowledge ; nor can you come by surprise on the soul, by feeling your winding way up along the convolutions of the brain. On the same principle, a great person manifests himself in and through his external history, but it is not by mastering the facts of his external history that you will apprehend him. In that way you will be pretty sure to

misapprehend him. We must interpret the history by the man, rather than the man by the history, as the genius of history itself allows. Yes, M. Renan, as we have seen, admits it.

In the Greek Church there were some who held that the historical Jesus of the Four Gospels was not the true Jesus, but was a deceptive and illusive mockery of the true Jesus, the Antichrist rather than the Christ; indeed, one of them, if we recollect aright, said that the literal, external, historical Christ of the Gospels was the Devil. We must go to the Epistles for the real Jesus, said some one of old. It was Paul, not Luke, who was the correct painter. Paul never saw Jesus, yet how we should welcome a Life of Jesus from the hand of Paul! It would not be much like M. Renan's, we may be sure. It would not be composed from the same data precisely. Paul, looking into his heart, turning over the pages of his altered, renovated, transformed experience, pondering thoughtfully the mysterious passages in his unexpected and unaccountable career, would have exhibited the personality of his Master in a very different light from that which gleamed in the brilliant intelligence of the modern Frenchman. With the writings of the Evangelists before him, he would have discovered hidden senses behind the letter which Matthew penned; he would have brought forth traits which were hidden from Mark, and would have detected links of association which escaped the notice of Luke. What interlineations he would have made! What notes he would have supplied! What motives he would have revealed! What supplementary passages here and there he would have inserted! Whole chapters, perhaps, would have rolled out from his teeming imagination, full of those little touches of feeling which are better than facts, because they impart to facts their vitality, and give to incidents their power to move and charm. And after those chapters, again, there would be appendix on appendix, containing the conjectures, the hints, the deductions, the criticisms, whose reflected light upon the Evangelical pages would have been better than twice the number of authentic pages from the hand of an ordinary biographer. He would put the Christ he saw with the eyes of the spirit in place of the Jesus he never saw at all, and the fragmentary narrative would have risen from the rank of *Mémoires pour Servir*, to the dignity of history.

If we could add to Paul's witness the testimony of the great cloud who might speak of what Jesus had been and had done for them ; if we could gather in the results of his working in their hearts, and could see the portrait he has painted of himself in the new consciousness of Christendom, we should have materials for an autobiography which is as yet unwritten, and which never will be written except by angels' fingers.

Of course nothing is to be added to the small mass of incident which the Evangelists have preserved, and nothing can be done to prevent the wearing away of that small mass by the constant hammering and filing of laborious and "destructive" criticism. It is not for any of us to arrest the work of scholarship. However profound our veneration, however earnest our faith, however dear and sacred the person whose face is mirrored in that shallow lake of Galilee, we cannot save the lake from the ruffling winds that will make the lineaments undistinguishable, or from any serious convulsions that may alter its margin, or even destroy its bed. However precious the facts may be, it is not for us violently to retain a single one after the student of the text has decided that it must go into the waste-basket of fiction. They who can accept them all as they stand, have the more solid body for their Christ ; they who can accept but a portion, must adjust to that portion the spiritual personality of the Master ; and they who find themselves to suspect the whole, must embody their own imagination, and let the Spirit give Jesus a body as it pleaseth it.

Dr. Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," devotes a long, eloquent, surpassingly able and admirable chapter to the life of Jesus. In this chapter he carries out the idea we have suggested, by simply putting the Christ of the Church into the text of the Evangelist, thus reading the chronicles of the first century by the light of the nineteenth. But Dr. Bushnell is utterly unconscious of the existence of Biblical criticism ; for him the New Testament records are authentic as they stand. He seems not so much as to suspect that such men as Bretschneider and Semler, Paulus and Strauss, Gfrörer, Schwegler, or Baur, have lived and written. By the help of his arbitrary, fanciful, and indefensible definition of the supernatural, he takes in as literally and exactly true every mar-

vellous incident and every miraculous fact, as easily as if they were things of every-day occurrence, and he overlays all incidents alike with the gold of his fine imagination. The chapter reads well ; it is compact, harmonious, beautiful ; in parts it is singularly happy and strikingly true. But it is impossible for a learned reader to peruse it and not feel that it is not, in its way, as fairly entitled to be called a romance as M. Renan's, if the passing off of the unauthentic for the authentic is an element of romance.

Of the two pictures, however, we hold Dr. Bushnell's to be the more correct, by far. For the question is one of interpretation. It is important to know the facts as far as they are to be known, but it is at least as important that the right construction should be put on the facts. Taking M. Renan's own estimate of what may be considered authentic in the Gospel narrative, there can be no doubt that a spiritually-minded man would connect them with a much higher set of motives than that associated with them by this brilliant rationalist, and would see in them the indications of a character of very different, and even of an opposite type. We object, on critical grounds, to M. Renan's array of facts and incidents ; but on grounds higher than critical, we object to his interpretation of the facts and incidents that he assumes. In a word, his delineation fails, in our judgment, not in that it is partial, but in that it is false. It is not merely less than the truth, it is an inversion of the truth. It is not so much defective, incomplete, one-sided, as it is wrong from beginning to end. In a word, it is a caricature, in portions a burlesque ; and that is equivalent to saying that it is a total reversal of the just relations of the subject, a turning of it upside down and inside out.

We would not conceal from ourselves or from others the fact that the construction of a clear, consistent, and authentic biography of Jesus is a work, in these times, of immense and growing difficulty. If one begins to doubt, there is no telling where doubt will stop ; if one admits the element of fable in the smallest degree, there is no assurance that he will not be compelled to admit it in the largest ; if one loosens a single stone of literal fact, no guaranty can be given that the whole edifice will not topple over. It is one thing, however, to say,

that no image of Jesus is to be recovered, and quite another thing to put forward a false image. If the true image is lost, there is nothing more to be said. If a false image is substituted for the true, a great deal is to be said and felt. In this latter case, we cannot tell whether the Jesus we know ever had being. In the former case, we can still believe that he had. We can be sure that he was something far greater than the Evangelists perceived. He shall be the more wonderful for the failure of his companions to apprehend him ; the more colossal for the ill success of his contemporaries in their attempts to measure him ; the more impressive for the vast, mysterious silence, as of an Egyptian plain, in which he stands.

ART. II. — ULRIC VON HUTTEN.

1. *Ulric von Hutten.* Von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. 2 Bände.
2. *Ulric von Hutten der Streiter für Deutsche Freiheit.* Von ERNST VON BRUNNOW. 3 Bände.

THE history of the Reformation has been written almost exclusively by those who saw in it a religious movement originated by Luther and his compeers. Influences not strictly religious, and the men who represented them, have usually been kept out of sight.

Among the persons of whom this is true stands pre-eminent Ulric von Hutten ; “ the Reformation’s man of wit and of the sword, who slew monkery with the wild laughter of his *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.” * Want of appreciation on the part of Church historians has not, however, prevented him from being a popular idol in Germany, and especially among those belonging to the party of “ Young Germany.” To these, he is the model knight about whom all the ideal virtues of the age of chivalry cluster ; the accomplished scholar and poet ; the man of rank and fortune, who left his lordly castle to take the people’s side, to fight against oppression and for German lib-

* Spare Hours by John Brown, M. D.

erty with pen and sword ; the foe, too, of Romish usurpation, who anticipated Luther in denouncing indulgences, and who did more than Luther to bring about the Reformation.

Nor is this opinion limited to the more enthusiastic friends of German liberty and unity of our own day. Herder, who edited his poems, was his warm admirer. "Go, German youth," he exclaims, "to his grave, and say, Here lies the herald to the German nation of freedom and truth, and who was willing to be more than a herald." Camerarius compares him to Demosthenes, and says, "If his means had been on a par with his designs and enterprise, he would have revolutionized Europe." Melancthon writes of him, "*Ut virum magni facere et admirari propter doctrinæ eruditionem et præstantiam ingenii.*" Even Erasmus, bitter as he was against him at one time, said, "The more I have loved the genius and talents of Hutten, the more concerned I am to lose him by these troubles." While Zimmerman, in whose apostrophe there is expressed, not a whit exaggerated, the popular estimate of his hero, speaks of him as "the greatest man, the greatest writer, the greatest patriot, that Germany has produced. . . . Often he had nothing to cover himself with, he who gave up his fortune to regenerate his country. No monument tells where he lies, while mausoleums cover those who, compared with him, were pygmies. When Germany shall be what Sickingen and Hutten dreamed she might be, then will they have a monument glorious as their native land."

Of the works named at the head of this article, that by Strauss, in two volumes, was apparently written, though with full appreciation of Hutten's services, still without a particle of enthusiasm, and with characteristic intention to rend away all the mythical elements which popular feeling was gradually weaving around the historical personage. It is impartial and thorough, a little dry, but exhaustive and reliable. Brunnow's work is avowedly the life and adventures of the ideal Ulric, though accompanied by an historical appendix showing where the incidents are or are not historical. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of German historical novels will find these three volumes, of five hundred pages each, good specimens of the class to which they belong.

Ulric von Hutten was born in the castle of Steckelberg in Franconia, in the year 1488. His father was a knight of a very ancient family, and, though not wealthy, the proprietor of several small hamlets and strongholds, and, through his family connections, a person of much influence. The feeble constitution of Ulric was thought to unfit him for military life. He was destined to the Church, and was sent, at the age of eleven, to the monastery at Fulda to be educated for the priesthood. Soon growing tired of convent life, he begged his father to choose for him some other career. His uncle Eitelworf, one of the few educated noblemen of that day, and a denouncer of what he styled "the centaur-like life of the German knight," used his influence towards the same end. The young student, discontented, but faithfully using his advantages, became an accomplished Latin scholar, and remained at Fulda till the year 1505, when he escaped from the convent, determined to seek his own fortunes, and never to be a monk. It was at just about the time when he was leaving the monastery that Luther was entering one at Erfurth.

The fugitive took refuge first at Cologne, and became a member of the University there. Declining to return to Fulda, he was disinherited by his father, and was probably indebted to his uncle for his pecuniary means at this time. When he arrived in Cologne, the strife between the old Scholasticism and Humanism, or the new literature, was at its height. Aristotle, the Fathers, and the systematizers and commentators of the Middle Age, were still the University textbooks. It is hard to see what danger lay in the pages of Virgil and Cicero; but as Gregory XVI. in our day deprecated the introduction of gas, so his predecessors have always dreaded instinctively every new kind of light. "Everything with these theologians," says Erasmus, "is heresy. Greek is heresy, eloquence is heresy, everything that they have not the sense to understand is heresy." Ulric, in common with the bolder spirits of the University, soon made himself obnoxious to the professors, who were stanch supporters of the old system. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, whither he went with some reputation as the author of a small volume of Latin epigrams, and as an earnest opponent of the "Finsterlings," or party of

the Blockheads, he remained about a year. Allowing for certain irregularities of living, then as now incident to German student life, he passed his time studiously until he took his first degree.

The next three years were spent in travelling. Hutten had in his nature something of the knight-errant, — “*animum irrequietem et versatilem*,” as he says himself. He shared the temper of his time. “Whoever attempts,” says Freitag, “to examine the German mind of the sixteenth century, will remark a secret restlessness like that of migratory birds when spring approaches. The number of vagrants, such as pedlers, pilgrims, beggars, travelling students, was very great indeed.” It was a century, also, in which the desire for knowledge was peculiarly strong. The travelling student figures prominently in all the pictures of the time. Wherever a university or public school was founded, thither flocked young men from all parts of Germany. Belonging mostly to the poorer classes, they wandered through the land on foot, suffering all manner of hardship, sleeping in barns or in the open fields, begging, stealing, many of them starving and dying on the road or in the city hospitals; for the most part, a wild and dissolute set, and looked upon askance by all respectable people. Arrived at the university towns, a shelter was usually given them by the university, and some little aid in other ways, by the students’ guilds; and they eked out their poor living by copying from manuscripts the text of the books used in the university course, or by giving instruction to students in better circumstances. Ulric encountered all the hardships and ills incident to this kind of life. In the North of Germany, he was shipwrecked in the Baltic, and was forced to beg his way to Greiswald, the nearest university town. Hospitably entertained at first by a certain professor there named Loez, who afterwards tried to impose upon him, he quarrels with him and leaves the city; but is no sooner outside of the gate than he is set upon by Loez’s servants, and beaten and robbed by them.

Wounded and almost naked, he succeeds in reaching Rostock, another university town, and, being kindly received by the authorities and students, devotes the next few months to

two pamphlets against the Greiswald professor and his family. In these he showed, what subsequent compositions proved even more clearly, how copious was his vocabulary of invective, and how much "he needed an enemy to call forth his talents."

The roving scholar has still something of the spirit of the old robber knights, his ancestors. In one of the letters called forth by the occurrence, he begs a noble friend to be on the watch on a certain day when one of the Loez family will be in Frankfort, and to be kind enough to seize the wretch and shut him up safe in his castle, — he need not kill him, — and then send for Hutten.

His fame, meanwhile, as scholar and pamphleteer reached his father's house. The old knight, "though all this looks to me very much like buffoonery," offers to pay his expenses if he will go to Italy and study law. But the young man, if he has not very definite views in any one direction, has certainly none in that quarter, for we next hear of him studying, not law, but men and things in Bohemia and Moravia, on the road to Vienna. How he supported himself does not appear, though mention is made of lectures given here and there at the different universities, and of friends who are very kind. Friends, indeed, he seems never to have lacked. Not only do poor peasants, and as poor students, share with him their scanty fare, but Provost Augustine presented him with a jewelled ring, and the Bishop of Olmütz with a horse, and money for his travelling expenses. He is welcomed at Vienna into a fraternity of "Humanists"; shortly after — being now better disposed to comply with his father's wishes — is arrested as a spy by the French besieging Pavia; at Bologna is appointed to address the Pope's ambassador then in the city; and, after all these honors and mishaps, we find him, in the year 1513, a foot-soldier in the imperial army, and in the next an invalid at the baths of Ems, — still ready and eager with his pen, and assailing Pope Julius in excellent Latin epigrams.

Hutten soon found a new friend and patron in Archbishop Albrecht of Mayence, an able, accomplished, easy-going man, much after the style of his intimate friend Erasmus; who, churchman as he was, hated priestly ignorance and loved wit

as well as learning. The opinions of the promising young man about indulgences must have grated rather rudely on the ears of the excellent Archbishop, when we consider that he was proposing to pay for his archbishopric out of the proceeds of the sale of that kind of merchandise, the notorious Tetzels being his authorized agent. But then, on the other hand, think of a young man who can write Latin as if it were his vernacular, and whose wit Erasmus, who has just met him, praises so highly. Ulric was accordingly invited to Mayence with liberal offers of support.

But just then tidings came filling every heart with indignation and horror. Hans Hutten, his uncle — a man honored and beloved by all, and of high rank in the ducal court — had been assassinated by Ulric of Württemberg, — being “damned in a fair wife,” whom he had determined to remove from court. The whole body of Franconian knights offered to the father their services to avenge the death of his son. The Emperor, appealed to, played fast and loose. The knights, when it came to the point, were unwilling, without the imperial sanction, to wage war against a sovereign prince. Years later, the tyrant was driven from his throne, but for the present he was safe in his castle; safe from warlike attack, but not from the vengeful pen of Ulric. His four fierce invectives were everywhere eagerly sought for, and had undoubtedly much to do in fomenting the popular feeling which afterwards burst on the head of the guilty Duke. Their author was already roused to the vice of the political system which allowed a petty prince to commit such a crime and go unpunished.

At Rome, the following year, whither he seems to have gone in order to prepare himself for duties connected with the University at Mayence, Hutten remained but a few months, thoroughly-disgusted with all that he saw at the papal court. His departure was hastened by a difficulty with five Frenchmen, who attacked him in the street with swords, and one of whom he killed in self-defence. Obligated to fly, he took refuge at Bologna, where he devoted himself to the study of Greek with great assiduity. But the German and Italian students were, as usual, at feud, and on a certain occasion the two parties came to blows. That Hutten was among the foremost of the

fighters, need not be said. That, when judicial examination was made, he should be foremost speaker and denouncer of the Italians, and very impertinent withal to the governor of the city, who conducted the examination, were also matters of course. Banished to Venice, he is received by a procession of young nobles and literary men, who provide him comfortable quarters, and trust that he will make Venice his home. But neither literary work nor honors can detain him long away. In two or three months he was back again in Mayence, to take part in struggles more honorable than students' broils and personal quarrels.

The controversy between the “Finsterlings,” on one side, and the liberal party, headed by Reuchlin and Albrecht, on the other, gave rise to the celebrated *Literæ Obscurorum Virorum*. The entire authorship of this work has been ascribed to Hutten, but without reason. He shared the honor with Reuchlin, and one or two others. The chief point of this ingenious and biting satire lies in making the monks themselves the assertors of their own stupidity while professedly attacking the new views. They complain, for example, that “some of the new-light men have said that the holy coat of Treves is nothing but a lousy old piece of cloth, and that the three kings of Cologne were honest peasants”; and how Hutten and other free spirits are spoiling the market for indulgences; and how “one had denied that the words of the priests were as authoritative as Christ's words.” Another would not have the vices of Old Testament personages commented upon, thinks that priests especially should have a good deal of tenderness for Samson and Solomon, and more of like nature. It is said that many monks failed to see the joke, and quoted the defence as both genuine and admirable. Readers at large were not so dull. The satire passed through many editions, was scattered through Germany, and is rightly classed among the chief instrumentalities which worked in the same line with Luther's more passionate denunciations.

Spite of the honors and immunities now pressed upon him, — a laurel crown and ring from the Emperor's own hand, the diploma of poet-laureate, the privilege of lecturing in all the universities, the offer of a place at the imperial court, —

Hutten now ventures upon more dangerous ground than any he has yet trodden. *Jacta est alea* was the motto on Hutten's signet-ring, and he is always prepared to stand the hazard of the die. So happening in an old library to meet with an ancient manuscript upon the donation of Constantine, he makes that the text for an attack on Leo's many shortcomings, and with amazing audacity dedicates the book to the Pope himself. Professedly, its aim was to give a portraiture of the iniquities of the papacy during past ages, "which Leo indeed must regard with the same horror that he himself does." But every one knew—and no one knew better than Leo—who was meant. No better proof of the power of this work can be given than Luther's letter to Spalatin, (dated February 24, 1520,) in which he says that, "after reading it, he could not sufficiently wonder that such a shameless system of lies had been allowed to exist for so many centuries; and that he had now for the first time come to the conclusion that the Pope was Antichrist."

This work, though perhaps having something to do with the papal bull launched against its author subsequently, did not produce any immediate ill effects upon his fortunes. Stranger still, it did not forfeit the favor of Albrecht, at whose court he accepted a place, on the old footing of intimacy; the only drawback on his prosperity being constant illness, the scourge of a corrupt age, and (it must be confessed) of a licentious youth. His salary was liberal, his duties nominal, and the prince-bishop gratified his love of travel by sending him on confidential errands into Saxony, to the king of France, and elsewhere.

While thus engaged he writes to a friend, that "he has just heard that there is a party formed at Wittenberg against the Pope. He thinks, however, it is only a quarrel among the monks, and the more they are split up the better." An earnest appeal to the nation to take up arms against the Turks; the preparation of second editions of some of his works; a satire called "The Banished Pasquil," all in Latin, and all full of youth and life and vigor, while he was journeying from bath to bath in search of health,—were the chief employments of the two following years.

A letter to Pirkheimer of this period shows traces of an essentially generous and noble nature. This friend had advised him to devote himself to literature and the Muses.

"Would you advise me," he replies, "forgetful of duty to myself and friends, to confine all my energies within four walls? and if I did, of what shall I write or speak,—I who have so little experience of actual life? Hitherto, though I have seen and learned much, I have done little. I must begin to live in earnest. These twelve past years were only introductory, the prologue to the great life-tragedy. There must first lie behind me a rich and fruitful past, ere I can say, with the hero, 'The day will come when men will remember us.'"

"The vainglorious Hutten," as a contemporary calls him, has also some modesty.

"Compared with Pirkheimer and Erasmus and Reuchlin, I am only a young beginner in literature. Don't think me so vain as to reckon myself among those who have enriched classic literature. . . . I have learned in the schools, as well as in my travels, to bear with patience and to seek definite ends."

Further on he adds:—

"I admit that I desire an honorable and high position, and I should like, too, to have a title of nobility. But woe to me if I count myself noble merely because I belong to a noble family, when I have not ennobled myself by honorable deeds. Don't reckon me among nobles who plume themselves on the deeds of ancestry. I will gather nobility from fresh sources, and transmit it to my descendants. Nor do I look down upon those who, whether they be tanners or weavers, or what not, have taken up and used the stuff which glory is made of, and which we have let lie idle. These men overcome obstacles which would have scared us. And why have the noble-born been forced to give place to such? Because they have spurned knowledge. It serves us right, that what we have thrown away, others have gathered up. All struggle savors of nobility, and that which has no master belongs to all."

As a sample of his "Roman Triads," we give the following:—

"Three things in Rome are held in the highest honor,—the Pope's prerogative, the bones of the saints, and the sale of indulgences. Three things are banished from Rome,—simplicity, moderation, and piety. Three things are matters of traffic in Rome,—Christ, ecclesiastical benefices, and women. Three things are laughed at in Rome,—an-

cestral virtues, the priesthood of Peter, and the judgment-day. Three things pilgrims bring back from Rome, — a violated conscience, a ruined digestion, and an empty purse. Three things they don't want to hear about in Rome, — a general council, a reformation of the clergy, and an awakening of the German nation. Three things they fear much in Rome, — that the princes may unite together, the people open their eyes, and priestly rascality be unveiled. Three things might benefit Rome, — the earnestness of the German princes, the despair of the German people, and the arms of the Turks."

Each of these triads is amplified and illustrated by references to the history of the Popes and the common rumors of the day. The appeal to national feeling is observable in this as in most of Hutten's writings.

The effect produced by such a production was praise from some, — blame, warnings, threatenings, from others. Erasmus writes in the latter strain, and begs his young friend to moderate the freedom of his pen, and not to hazard his relations to the Bishop of Mayence. But the young friend was not impressed by such considerations. On the contrary, he immediately published another appeal in behalf of German liberty against the papal usurpations, which he dedicated to Ferdinand, viceroy of Charles V., now absent in Spain. As might be expected, no reply was vouchsafed, and the author took the further bold step of going to Brussels in order to persuade the Duke to put himself at the head of the national party. After waiting day after day in the anterooms of the palace in vain, he gave up the attempt, and started on his journey home. As he was about half-way on his journey, in a frame of mind not well calculated to make him a very pleasant companion to anybody, he encountered his old opponent, Hoogstraten. His sword was in a moment at the throat of the other, and a brief dialogue ensued, which reads like a scene from the last successful melodrama of our own time. "At last, at last," cries the hero of the drama, "thou hast fallen into the right hands. Villain! what death shall I inflict on thee, thou enemy of all good?" "But no," as the coward falls on his knees and begs for mercy, "no, my sword shall not be sullied with the blood of such as thee. Away!"

The fears of Erasmus were fulfilled. The Pope could no

longer pass over his offences. A bull had been published against him ; and, what was worse still, Albrecht writes to him that he is ordered by the Pope to dismiss him from his service, and that he must obey. Hutten was, therefore, in effect an exile and a fugitive.

Meanwhile the Emperor Maximilian had died, and Charles V. had been chosen Emperor. His wish to be a soldier, so often disappointed, seemed on the point of being gratified. His old enemy, Ulric of Würtemberg, had laid siege to Reutlingen, and the Suabian League had declared war against him. "With one foot in the stirrup," Hutten wrote a letter to Francis I., imploring him not to interfere, and joined the army as aide-de-camp or military secretary to Sickingen, the generalissimo. The campaign was little else than a series of skirmishes, and even in these, owing to his disease, which now took the form of a chronic lameness, Hutten took little or no part. It was a great gain for him, however, that, sharing as he did Sickingen's tent, he strengthened a friendship with him which ended only with the life of that great man.

Returned to Mayence, Luther begins to attract more of his interest and regard, though he complains that the great Reformer's views are too peaceful for his taste. With Sickingen his relations became more and more intimate, and he passed many months at his castle, "that sanctuary for persecuted righteousness," where the best men of the time who were obnoxious to Rome were always sure of refuge. Here he used to amuse his host by reading to him in the long winter evenings translations of his own works, and also portions of Luther's writings, with which the brave soldier is so delighted that he begs Hutten to write forthwith to their author, if ever he wants a place of safety, to come to his stronghold. Here Hutten wrote many of his most celebrated compositions. Among them "The Robbers," his Commentaries upon the papal bull, and "The Monitor." These are all characterized by that fierce invective in which he was so skilful. There is in the style of them all a fiery impetuosity and rush which remind one of the knight charging, lance in rest, on the foe. His condensed, curt sentences strike on the monks like blows. He gives them no quarter or breathing-space, but returns again and again

to the charge. His epistles to the Elector of Saxony and to the Emperor at this time are, on the contrary, not only respectful, but sober in tone. It is touching, indeed, to see how, in presenting to the Emperor the claims of Germany to freedom from papal rule, the loyal knight, in spite of occasional doubt, clings to the old traditionary reverence for the imperial house. He says, "He has nothing against the Bishop of Rome, if he will confine himself to his diocese, nor against other bishops, if they are good men and chosen by the people." He denies that he has fomented revolution, and refers to the fact that he has always written in Latin, and not in the language of the people. Elsewhere he says: —

"I have little of worldly riches. What I have, I am willing to lose ; but my honor, with God's help, I will not lose. If I fail, I shall have the comfort that my aims were right, and that I have sown some seed which will one day, perhaps when I am dead, sprout. I do not think I have done wrong to any good man. I know I have sought glory and pursued the liberal arts in poverty, in many journeyings, and in sickness. Why, then, should good people rejoice if I meet misfortune? I should think they would feel kindly to me and pity me instead. I am sometimes asked why I, of all others, should concern myself about these matters. I can only say, that I have no more interest in them than others have, — yes, even less interest than many have ; but God has given me, I sometimes think afflicted me with, a nature which makes public ills weigh more heavily on my heart than it does on the hearts of other men. I have waited a long time for one better fitted to the task than I ; but as nobody came forward, and the evil grew, I have undertaken it in the name of God ; and I hope that good men will at least bid me God speed."

Still, it must be admitted that all this is not in his usual vein, and that usually, when he sits down to write, he thinks less about good men's opinions than about bad men's misdeeds, — bad men whom he would like better to hew in pieces with his sword, than to attack pen in hand. His address to the Bishops at Worms is a good specimen of his usual manner. After suggesting that their persecution of Luther is simply owing to the fact that his life and doctrine shame theirs, he ends thus: —

"But the measure is full. Off with you from the pure stream, ye

unclean swine ; off with you from the temples which you have profaned by your teachings. What right have you to devote money set apart for charitable uses to your pomps and feastings and debaucheries, — and this while good men are hungry ? The measure is full ; see you not that the fresh breezes of freedom are beginning to blow, and that men are getting tired of the present state of things, and will have a change ? As respects myself, my life you may take, but you cannot prevent any good deed of mine from living on. What is doing you may perhaps delay, and hinder what I had hoped to do, but what is already done you cannot undo. Life perishes, but not its memory. No ! uncertain as I am about the issue of this affair, one thing I am sure of, those who come after me will recognize in me an honest purpose. That will be the best legacy of my life.”

He warns his enemies further, —

“ not to suppose that the good cause will be struck down, even if they should put him and Luther out of the way. Two men are of no great moment, but know that there are many Luthers, many Huttens, and, if anything should happen to us, you will only be in greater danger from these avengers of the innocent, who will unite with the fighters for freedom.”

His comments on the papal bull are also in the same style. A few specimens will suffice. Leo having spoken of himself as the servant of the Lord, the commentator asks, “ Why, then, talk as if you were the Lord himself ? ” “ O Lord, arise ! ” says the Pope. “ Yes, he will arise, and with a vengeance. Look out for yourself, Leo.” “ The progress of such heresy in Germany is particularly grievous to the Pope, since he has always borne the Germans in the very bowels of his love.” Comment : “ Yes, that he has, for he has devoured them ; but now he has got to spit them out.” “ In former days, the Germans were the most zealous haters of heresy.” “ Ah,” sighs Hutten, “ if they only had been, then we should hear now nothing about a Pope.” “ If Luther had accepted my invitation, and had come to Rome, there would have been an end of his errors.” “ That’s true,” says the knight, “ he never would have spoken again.” The bull refers to the burning of Luther’s writings. “ Yes, they are burning now,” is the commentary, “ in the hearts of the people. They have kindled a fire for you, too ; put it out if you can.”

The following extract will give an idea of the popular style of one of his German rhymes, entitled "Here," which passed through an almost incredible number of editions. It may also interest the German scholar, as showing the changes through which the language has passed since the sixteenth century.

"Hie brennen, Herr, viel guter Wort,
Hie wird dein göttlich Lehr ermordt;
Hie gibt man Ablass un Genad,
Doch Keinem der nit Pfennig hat;
Hie wird gelogen, hie gedicht,
Ein Sünd vergeben, eh' sie gschicht;
Hie wird verkauft der Himmel dein,
Geurtheilt zu der Höllen Pein
Ein jeder der hiewider sagt;
Hie ist, wer Wahrheit pflegt, verjagt;
Hie wird teutsch Nation beraubt,
Ums Geld viel böse Ding erlaubt;
Hie bdenkt man nit der Seelen Heil;
Hie bist du Herr Gott, selber feil," u. s. f.

On the 15th of April, 1521, Luther was summoned to Worms, and Ulric waited with intense anxiety the result. "Many," he writes to Luther, "are saying to me, O that he may remain steadfast! I always tell them Luther will be Luther." And when told by a letter from the Reformer's own hand that he is forbidden to preach, he bursts into tears, and feels for the time quite discouraged. It does not appear that he ever met Luther in person, but they frequently corresponded, and the young knight's letters, after he had conquered his first prejudice against the Augustine monk, were always full of respect and affection. The great Reformer professes also a friendly interest in his zealous young correspondent; still, the absence in him of religious earnestness, and his warlike views and his rash impulsiveness, readily explain why there is a certain degree of reticence on Luther's side. The two men differed widely in character and aim. Though now and then we find the man of the world quoting Scripture, when writing to the religious reformer, and expressing the hope "that Christ may bring us back to the light of his doctrine falsified by the Romish priests," it is quite clear that he wrote in a more accustomed, if not more honest vein, when

in another letter he says: "Our paths are different; as for me, I am influenced by purely human considerations; while you, more perfect than I, place everything in the hand of God."

It is to be regretted that the correspondence of Hutten and Sickingen was burnt at the castle of Sickingen, and that the precise nature of their political plans and aims is not so clearly defined as we could wish. It is, however, sufficiently plain from various passages in Hutten's published writings still extant, that both wished to unite the lesser nobles and the burgesses of the cities against the papal power, and that subsidiary to this design was the hope of weakening at the same time the power of the princes and of giving to the imperial rule increased supremacy. The task was difficult. The nobles looked with aristocratic contempt on the citizens, and the citizens had not forgotten how these had often leagued with the princes, ecclesiastical and lay, against their liberties, nor how the robber knights had plundered their merchants and attacked their cities. That the attempt failed does not detract from the merit of those who initiated it.

Hutten is usually spoken of as the great champion of the common people. If by this phrase is meant the peasant classes of his time, the claim is an exaggerated one. Though it was only a year after his death that the great Suabian peasant war broke out, and though this was heralded during many previous years by various popular movements and commotions in the same direction, there is no evidence that he had any fellowship with their leaders. It may be that his relations with Sickingen, a large landed proprietor, prevented him. It may be that, like Luther, he feared the effect of rash appeal to the ignorant and rude; or it may be that, mindful of the jealousy and hatred existing not only between noble and citizen, but between citizen and peasant, he began with the more elevated classes, hoping one day to extend to the lowest their rights and privileges. Whatever its interpretation, the fact remains.

How far was he qualified to conduct the movement which his hopes and plans contemplated? He had great ability as a writer, and the temperament which makes men courageous, fearless, and hopeful, as well as earnest. He was of a generous nature, a hater of injustice, and a true lover of his country.

In some respects he was more far-seeing than Luther or Melancthon. He took a larger view of the tendencies of the great intellectual movement of which the Reformation was only a part than did these great men. On the other hand, — to say nothing of his lack of religious earnestness and that irritable self-consciousness which made him fritter away energy, and in some cases reputation, in petty personal quarrels, — he lacked sound judgment, self-command, stability, and balance of character. Sickingen was in these respects better fitted than he to be a leader in the enterprise in which both were engaged. Hutten was one of that large class to which such men as Rienzi, Mirabeau, Rousseau, Lamartine, Mazzini, belong. Such men are unsuccessful, partly because their ideas are in advance of their age, and partly because circumstances are unpropitious; but partly, also, because the men themselves lack those personal qualities which invite confidence and co-operation. Like the great scholar of Rotterdam, “he outran his generation in thought,” and, unlike him, did *not* “lag behind it in action”; nevertheless he resembles him in this also, that he was better fitted to lead the thought than to shape the action of men, — at least in his own time.

Ulric von Hutten was one of the heralds of the Reformation, and also an important ally of those whose aims were more exclusively religious than were his. His political ideas were not only in advance of those of his age, but of those of many centuries which followed, and they are now substantially the watchword of political progress in Germany. He shrank in their defence from no suffering or sacrifice, and died as he had lived, devoted to the great cause of German liberty. This is his chief honor. Was the life of such a man a failure, though his aims and plans seem to have utterly failed?

We left the brave knight in tears at the result of the Diet at Worms. The letters to Sickingen and Pirkheimer, which immediately followed, were more in keeping with his way of looking at things. In them he says, “The only way of putting down this Devil is with sword and musket.” Erasmus, hearing of this remark, says to a friend, “He who speaks thus has of course an army at his beck.” It looked at one time as if this might be, for a notice was posted up in the city

that four hundred knights had pledged their arms to the support of Luther. But here the matter ended.

Other stirring events are at hand, destined to lead to like disappointment and failure. Sickingen, who had just been unsuccessful as a general of the imperial forces, became, in the year 1522, involved in a feud with the Bishop of Treves, and, being worsted, retired to his castle, which was forthwith besieged by the enemy. Hutten, whose waning health began to alarm his friends, was persuaded to leave the castle which he was too weak to help defend, and, in company with his friends Bucer and Ecolampadius, went towards Switzerland. It is remarkable that he should have received just then an offer from the Emperor of a place at court, with a liberal salary; the only explanation is, that it was probably made with the intent of purchasing his silence. He was very poor, and this notwithstanding his father had recently died, who had the credit of owning a large estate. But probably the old knight left little or nothing to his heirs. Living on serf labor in the sixteenth century was fast becoming (like living on slave labor in the nineteenth century) less profitable than it had been in the good old times. But whatever the reason, Hutten's fortunes were now at the lowest ebb. Broken in body and estate, though not in mind, he had to meet still another affliction, — the death of Sickingen, who had been mortally wounded and taken prisoner, ending thus his attempt, as he himself expressed it, "to bring the people out from the harsh, unchristian yoke of the priesthood to Christian light and freedom." Hutten, accompanied by his friends, travelled on to Basel, and was received in so flattering a manner by the magistracy that he concluded to take up his residence there.

But Erasmus was there also, and, to Ulrich's great surprise and wrath, refused to receive a visit from him. This gave rise to an angry controversy, afterwards published. Portions of it show that the now prosperous man, who loved quiet, and hated fanatical, to say nothing of unpopular people, was simply averse to intercourse with one with whom he had little in common, and therefore did not wish to see him. His efforts, which were successful, to persuade the magistracy to banish Ulrich as a dangerous man from the city, can only be

traced to fear of compromising himself with powerful men in Germany. It is to be hoped that he did not know how forlorn and pitiable was the state of the poor fugitive.

From Basel, hardly able to walk, but still able to write bitter complaints of Erasmus, and to answer the attacks made upon him by the other in his "*Spongia*," quick to resent injury even to the last, Ulrich went to Zürich. Here he was the guest of Zwingli, and the object of his unremitting and tender care during the few remaining weeks of his life. By his advice and at his expense the invalid went to Pfeffer's baths, but without benefit; and when the Zürich magistrates forbade him to remain in their city, the same kind hand procured him a safe asylum in a monastery on the island of Ufenau, in the Lake of Zürich. Here, receiving every attention from the abbot of the small fraternity of monks, he lived only a few weeks, closing, in the beginning of the autumn of 1523, his stormy and checkered life, at the age of thirty-six. The monks, though friendly, have not preserved the record of the closing scenes of the life of the heretic. For a year no stone marked the place of his burial. A French knight, in the following year, set up a stone bearing this inscription:—

"Hic eques auratus jacet oratorque disertus
Huttenus vates carmine et ense potens."

In the course of a few years this memorial disappeared, and now the place where he lies, in the pleasant and quiet island of Ufenau, has been long forgotten.

ART. III. — HENRY TAYLOR.

1. *Philip van Artevelde. A Dramatic Romance. In Two Parts.* By HENRY TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.
2. *Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama. And Isaac Comnenus; a Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR. Second Edition. London: Edward Moxon. 1845.
3. *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Edward Moxon. 1847.
4. *The Statesman.* By HENRY TAYLOR, ESQ. London: Longmans. 1836.
5. *Notes from Life, in Seven Essays.* By HENRY TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853.
6. *Notes from Books, in Four Essays.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Edward Moxon. 1849.
7. *The Virgin Widow.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Edward Moxon. 1850.
8. *St. Clement's Eve: a Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Chapman and Hall. 1862.

THERE are few names in English literature less known to general readers, or more fondly cherished by a select few, than that of Henry Taylor. His reputation is not wide; even professed scholars are often ignorant of his writings, and you search for them in vain at the bookstore; but they occupy a niche in many carefully selected libraries, and among college students and thoughtful readers they bid fair to outlive the reputation of many modern writers.

The life of Taylor is even less known than his books. He does not reveal himself in his writings; he has no trace of Byronism; the rightful freedom of self-comment in preface and note is used sparingly. He was born in England in the early part of this century; while yet a young man, he entered the Colonial Office, in which he now holds the second senior clerkship. In 1827, he published "*Isaac Comnenus*," a dramatic poem, according to his own confession, "sent into the world naked, to shift for itself, without name, preface, or dedication." It was republished in 1845, partly rewritten, compressed, and mended into a passable play. In 1834 he published "*Philip van Artevelde*," a dramatic romance in two parts. This is

his chief poetical work. It has passed through six editions in England; been translated into German by Professor Hermann, and is now passing through the second edition in this country. He next came before the public in "The Statesman," in 1836, a work in which he sought to give, in a delicate vein of satire, and in the results of a long experience, the rules for success in the practical administration of affairs. The book has a Baconian look, and abounds in shrewd, homely, and wise opinions. To this succeeded "Edwin the Fair," an historical drama, in 1842; it reached a second edition in 1845. "The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems," appeared in 1847; and in the same year he published "Notes from Life," which has had three editions in England, and one here. In 1849 he reprinted four magazine articles, "Notes from Books"; in 1850 he came out with "The Virgin Widow," a dramatic play in five acts, which we have never seen. His last work, "St. Clement's Eve," was published in 1862. Here, then, is an authorship of nearly forty years, maintained, like Wordsworth's, amid unpopularity and neglect, but with a vigor and independence which we can hardly too highly value in these days. The author's clerkship has evidently been his support, and the writing of dramas his recreation. Like Charles Lamb, he has given his days to ledgers, his nights to the Muse. And few authors have ever more carefully improved their leisure. Every line he has written gives proof of leisurely carefulness. He rivals the Greeks *in labore limæ*. He is a student no less than a poet, and his prose works no less than his dramas show a wide and deep acquaintance with practical life. Hence there is a value in his writings which poetry does not always possess. They are all founded on a substantial basis of fact; experience or history enters into them all as an unvarying element.

There are those who will say, then, "he cannot be a poet who needs so much to lift his wings." Remember this: Shakespeare wrote historical plays, and no one of his dramas but had some legend or tradition on which his imagination rested; his brother dramatists drew largely from Italian romances for the substance of their plays; and we have yet to learn of the poet who has written enduring verses, without

being indebted largely to surrounding things, — either to observation of nature, or to history, or to romance, or to some of the countless circumstances which stir the imagination and captivate the fancy. We doubt if even Dante, picturing Beatrice in heaven, drew alone from the kindling ideal of his brain. Away, then, with this talk about denying a poet materials for his wit to work upon! He needs them as much as we need the common air, and if he dare do without them, we condemn him, as we do Shelley and Keats, for building with the cloudy fabrics of a vision. The very lyrics, which are a chief feature in modern poetry, throb with the keenest human emotions; and we prize them for this very human quality, which is nothing less than sticking close to a substantial basis of fact. Henry Taylor, then, is right, and the “Festus” Baileys are wrong. The one will live into the next century, the other will grow mouldy on the shelves of the Athenæum.

Our author belongs to no school; he is simply himself, — Henry Taylor. He has created his own style and manner. But it would be unjust here not to show the reader how he has been helped in the formation of his own models. There are happily, despite the modesty of Taylor, the materials for this. He made the acquaintance of Southey in 1824, — the year of Byron’s death, with which event, curiously enough, their correspondence opens. It was a life-long friendship. Southey loved men of letters as brothers. “Dear H. T.” was always the heading of his letters, and the stray glimpses into Taylor’s own letters, and the following verses, show how he valued the ever-active Southey.

“They contain,” he says, “an acknowledgment of intellectual obligations which I am unwilling to omit, and a tribute of respect and admiration which I confess that it is a pleasure to me to pay in public; and which is not improperly so paid, because the person spoken of is one with whom it cannot be said that the public have no concern.”

“Two friends

Lent me a further light, whose equal hate
On all unwholesome sentiment attends,
Nor whom may genius charm where heart infirm offends.

“In all things else contrarious were these two:

The one, a man upon whose laurelled brow

Gray hairs were growing ; glory ever new
 Shall circle him in after years as now,
 For spent detraction may not disavow
 The world of knowledge with the wit combined,
 The elastic force no burden e'er could bow,
 The various talents and the single mind
 Which gave him moral power and mastery o'er mankind.

" His sixty summers, — what are they in truth ?
 By Providence peculiarly blest,
 With him the strong hilarity of youth
 Abides, despite gray hairs, a constant guest ;
 His sun has veered a point toward the west,
 But light as dawn his heart is glowing yet ;
 That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindest, best,
 Where truth and manly tenderness are met
 With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never set."

They travelled together in Holland, and probably the first suggestions of "Philip van Artevelde," as the subject of a dramatic romance, came from their journeyings. Southey writes to Taylor with even a childish confidence. He lived to see him making way as an author, but his comments upon Taylor's works have been carefully omitted. These two men had more in common than appears upon the surface. Industry, careful finish, deep love of books, fondness for seclusion, and cultivated genius, each had ; and if original powers of mind be named, Taylor is the superior man. His ability is not so varied, but reaches down deeper into our humanity. Each was deeply indebted to the other. And Southey helped to cultivate that finer skill by which "Philip van Artevelde" surpasses "Isaac Comnenus."

The other friend who lent him further light was Wordsworth. He became acquainted with him about 1830, and was a frequent visitor at Rydal Mount. His Preface to Philip shows how deeply he drank of poetic inspiration here. It is not copying, but rather the assimilating process which goes on in every original mind. To Wordsworth and Coleridge, as the expounders of a new poetic faith, he turned with eagerness ; and his own principles in poetry are substantially theirs ; yet his chosen walk is dramatic, while theirs, in poetry, was meditative and lyrical. He says, in a partially published proem to "Philip" : —

“ Thus nurtured and thus disciplined in thought
By kindred and associates, strange it were
If work of mine, though faint, should not have caught
Some color of transmitted light, some stir
Of congruous emotion.”

He freely confesses the helps which have entered into his poetic creed. He has taken, indeed, all the sound elements in the poetic criticism of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, but has combined them with his own independent studies into the literature of the seventeenth century. In his own essay on “*The Life Poetic*,” he specially advises select reading in the literature of that strong age for the education of a poet of the present day. He says:—

“ The diction and the movement of that literature, both in verse and in what Dryden calls ‘that other harmony,’ are, in my apprehension, far more fitted than the literature which has followed it to be used for the training of the mind to poetry. There was no writing public nor reading populace in that age. The age was the worse for that, but the written style of the age was the better. The writers were few and intellectual; and they addressed themselves to learned, or at least to studious and diligent readers. The structure of their language is in itself an evidence that they counted upon another frame of mind and a different pace and speed in reading from that which can alone be looked to by writers of these days. It was so constructed as to detain the reader over what was pregnant and profound, and compel him to that brooding and prolific posture of the mind by which, if he had wings, they might help him to some more genial and profitable employment than that of running like an ostrich through a desert. And hence those characteristics of diction by which these writers are made more fit than those who have followed them to train the ear and utterance of the poet. For if we look at the long-suspended sentences of those days, with all their convolutions and intertextures, — the many parts waiting for the ultimate wholeness, — we shall perceive that, without distinctive movement and rhythmical significance of a very high order, it would be impossible that they could be sustained in any sort of clearness. One of these writer’s sentences is often in itself a work of art, having its strophes and antistrophes, its winding changes and recalls, by which the reader, though conscious of plural voices, and running divisions of thought, is not, however, permitted to dissociate them from their mutual concert and dependency, but required, on the contrary, to give them entrance into his mind, opening it wide enough for the purpose, as one

compact and harmonious fabric. Sentences thus elaborately constructed, and complex though musical, are not easy to a remiss reader, but they are clear and delightful to an intent reader. The finer melodies of language will always be found in those compositions which deal with many considerations at once, — some principal, some subordinate, some exceptional, some gradational, some oppugnant; and deal with them compositely, by blending whilst they distinguish.” *

This extract, made purposely long to show the author's own admirable way of making harmonious sentences, tells plainly the course of his own studies. There is nothing modern or caught-up in his pages. Everything has classical elegance and finish; not the light touch of Landor, but the easy facility of Southey's ripest days.

His position with reference to Byron and Shelley must not be omitted. He caught, like Percival, his earliest inspiration from them. His “Isaac Comnenus” even now bears traces of their influence, in its poverty of plot, and in its affectedly nervous language. But a truce to them thereafter. In the Preface to “Philip” he says: —

“My views have not, in truth, been founded upon any predisposition to depreciate the popular poetry of the times. It will always produce a powerful impression on very young readers, and I scarcely think that it can have been more admired than by myself, when I was included in that category. I have not ceased to admire this poetry in its degree; but I am unable to concur in opinion with those who place it in the foremost ranks of art; nor does it seem to have been capable of sustaining itself quite firmly in the very high degree of public estimation in which it was held at its first appearance, and for some years afterwards.”

His criticism upon Byron and Shelley is strikingly just and true; but yet as severe as ever one poet passed upon another. Quoting yet further from this Preface, which is very valuable, we find his poetic creed expressed thus: —

“The maxim that a poet should be ‘of imagination all compact,’ is not, I think, to be adopted thus literally. That predominance of the imaginative faculty, or of impassioned temperament, which is incompatible with the attributes of a sound understanding and a just judg-

* Notes from Life (Am. ed.), pp. 132 - 134.

ment, may make a rhapsodist, a melodist, or a visionary, each of whom may produce what may be admired for the particular talent and beauty belonging to it; but imagination and passion thus unsupported will never make a poet, in the largest and highest sense of the appellation:

‘ For Poetry is Reason’s self sublimed ;
’T is Reason’s sovereignty, whereunto
All properties of sense, all dues of wit,
All fancies, images, perceptions, passions ;
All intellectual ordinance grown up
From accident, necessity, or custom,
Seen to be good, and after made authentic ;
All ordinance aforethought, that from science
Doth prescience take, and from experience law ;
All lights and institutes of digested knowledge,
Gifts and endowments of intelligence
From sources living, from the dead bequests, —
Subserve and minister.’ ”

Percival arrived by a more imaginative process to the same lofty ideal of poetry, when he wrote thus of “ the one great principle of our intellectual and moral existence ” : “ Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry sit enthroned as a spiritual Trinity in the shrine of man’s highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing Truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing Good, and the living sense of all-gracing Beauty, — they form united the Divinity of Pure Reason.” But he was weak, where Taylor is strong; he wanted knowledge of men to conform his ideals to facts.

We have thus arrived at a somewhat detailed exposition of our author’s poetical views. He is the exponent of a pure, comprehensive, enduring style of poetry. He does not write for the age; but he stands, like a true poet, as the censor of that marketable stuff which the multitude read. If ever public taste does change for the better, it must yield to him, not he to it. He maintains a steady popularity with cultivated readers, and thus infuses a moral health into letters. He may be neglected; but as surely as even the few read him, his influence will be felt. The high-toned character of his writings is as refreshing as a classic. Whoever reads him is sure to be calmed down from feverish enthusiasm. The scholarly beauty, the chastened imagination, the harmonious flow of verse, the

rich thought conveyed in simplest words, the philosophy which veins his characters, the repose of reserved strength everywhere manifest, the willingness to let nature be nature, the verisimilitude, the truthfulness, the wise sagacity, the studied yet unstudied grace, the completeness of every part, — all these qualities, which enter into the composition of each of his works, combine to make a reputation which is as unique as it is self-centred and strong. He is too quiet for the multitude; he needs study and sympathy from the reader; but once you have entered the charmed circle of his influence, you shall have your tastes, your feelings, your thoughts, all quickened to purer, finer, higher issues. He holds his reader. His pages are fresher the second time reading than at the first; and, return to them as often as you please, you shall find the fewer faults, and the more graces of expression and excellences of thought. Next to Shakespeare, he will bear the most thorough study. His imagination is not so strong as that of the prince of dramatists; nor does he make you feel the power of his creations to your fingers' ends; but in "Philip" he only comes short of the highest attainable excellence in dramatic poetry. Landor and Browning are near him, but not his equals.

Here due allowance must be made for the present unpopularity of this species of writing. It requires that study which most readers are unwilling to give. We are glad to have such authors. They are like the trout in the well, to purify the waters. They are of all ages. They live and speak to one generation as well as to another. They ever purify and enoble the intellect, and help to yet higher efforts and insights in their transmitted influence upon the human mind. In proof of this, Henry Taylor is as popular to-day as he was thirty years ago. Look into the writings of the best literary scholars, or the most select general readers, and you shall see him quoted with loving fondness as the highest critical authority. This position Henry Reed gave him, and he had a surpassingly pure and catholic literary taste; and in Southey's Correspondence and in his own writings you shall find hints which show his *dicta* to be respected and authoritative in some of the purest and highest English literary circles. Yet here

he is the unknown Henry Taylor, whose writings you inquire for in vain at the booksellers'. The same fortune attends him which waits upon all the highest intellectual exertions of gifted men. They labor on, self-possessed, unappreciated, silently, — great conceptions their chief companions ; and even if so happy as to strike the common veins of thought which knit mankind into brotherhood, they only have that high reputation which consists chiefly in a name. But neither Henry Taylor, nor any other man comparatively unappreciated, need have any cause to complain. For it would be against the fixed condition of things, which to change were madness. Let him stand as a masterly prose-writer, as a judicious and careful and catholic critic, as a poet who only fails of the highest rank because he holds his critical and creative faculties so nicely balanced that he excels and does equally well in each department of intellectual effort.

It now remains to justify this somewhat choice and select position which we have given our author by an analysis of his chief writings. To do this we shall trace, as carefully as our limits will allow, the leading characters in each work, trying to exhibit the spirit and motive with which they act. And first we turn to "*Isaac Comnenus*," which, on its first appearance, the author says, "attracted so little notice that I may, perhaps, be justified in regarding it as having been rather unknown than unfavorably received." The time of the play is the year 1088. The scene is laid mainly in Constantinople. The historical material is found in the forty-eighth chapter of Gibbon's great work. The main actors are the family of the Comneni, the leading member of whom, Isaac, unpopular among the rabble, and rejecting the hand of Theodora, the Emperor's daughter, is finally drawn into open hostility to the Empire. The heads of the Church conspire with the Emperor to accuse him of sacrilege and bring him before the Holy Synod. An embassy, attended by the royal guards, waits upon him at a secret convivial party given to his followers ; but he has been warned beforehand by the loving and disguised Theodora concerning the plans of "the powers that be," and, disarming the guard, places them within his own guard, and marches at dead of night into the assembled Synod. Ungird-

ing his sword, he flings it on the table, and after some pause, thus speaks : —

“ What would ye have with it, that cannot use it ?

My Lords, ye do but mock me : here am I,
Brought by your midnight summons from my house,
And ye have naught to say. Ye do but mock me.

“ *Patriarch.* We mock thee not : 't is thou that mock'st high Heaven.
Thou 'rt summoned here on many an ugly count
Of sacrilege and heresy and schism, —
Which so thou answer not and clear thy fame,
We shall, in due acquittance of our trust,
Pronounce the interdict from fire and water,
And cut thee off from Christian fellowship.

“ *Comnenus.* My Lords, or ere ye do inhibit me
From fire and water, have it you in charge
I cut not off yourselves from earth and air.
My Lords, this world is not so all your own
That ye can grant away the elements
Amongst your friends, and lock one moiety up
From them that like you not. Ye kneel and pray
That God will make you humble as the dust,
Then, rising, arrogate omnipotence,
And shake the ashes from your shaven crowns.
But I will teach you veriest lowliness.

“ *Patriarch.* (*Holds up the cross and pronounces the adjuration, 'Ecce crucem Domini! fugite partes adversæ!'*)

A man possessed ! — 't is Sathan speaks, not he !
The father of lies hath spoken by his mouth.
An exorcist for this demoniac straight
To disenchant his body of the fiend !

“ *Comnenus.* Ye charge your own malignancy on me.
A demonocracy of unclean spirits
Hath governed long these Synods of your Church.
The Antichrist foretold : and I am he
Who, in the fulness of the approaching time,
Will exorcise you all. Expect my coming.”

Act II. Scene III.

Comnenus escapes from the city and prepares for war. On the European shore of the Propontic he meets his long absent brother Alexius. Since they last met, Isaac has grown sharper in temper, more cynical in disposition, disappointed hopes and weighty cares having gnawed into his whole being. Alexius has yet the lightsome spirit of youth. The contrast between the brothers is finely brought out in the following lines. Quoth Comnenus : —

" My childhood 's past,
And I would not recall it.

" *Alexius.* Not recall it !
Canst thou stand here and say so ? Canst thou look
On this soft-rolling, deep-embayed sea,
With yon blue beautiful ridge half compassed round,
Hear the low plash of wave o'erwhelming wave,
The loving lullaby of thy mother Ocean,
(We, like the Cretan, are not sons of earth,)
See the rocks stand like Nature's ruins round,
For man's were never so majestic,
The boundary forts of earth and ocean's empire,
Thy native, and thy father's native shores, —
Canst thou be so surrounded and speak thus ?
Are they not lovely ?

" *Comnenus.* It is not the eye
To which these things seem lovely, but the mind,
Which makes, unmakes, remodels, or rejects them.

" *Alexius.* And which doth thy mind ?

" *Comnenus.* It hath done them all.

Alexius, I remember, when in Persia,
I oft would watch the sun go down ; and there
He sets with such effulgency of red,
That the whole east, with the reflected glow,
Is crimsoned, as it may be here at dawn.
I would the youth of man did so decline ;
But that still darkeneth to the cloudy close.

" *Alexius.* There is an after dawn.

" *Comnenus.* To that I look, —
Wont to look onward still, and never backward."

Act III. Scene I.

Comnenus is in the neighborhood of his early home. He seeks the lonely churchyard where lies buried his life's young hope, Irene ; and on her grave pours forth a soliloquy deep, passionate, revealing the very secret of his after life.

" When I last stood here
Disguised to see a lowly girl laid down
Into her early grave, there was such light
As now doth show it, but a bleaker air,
Being it was December. 'T is most strange ;
I can remember now each circumstance
Which then I scarce was conscious of ; *like words*
That leave upon the still susceptible sense
A message undelivered till the mind
Awakes to apprehensiveness and takes it.

. O Christ !
 How that which was the life's life of our being
 Can pass away, and we recall it thus !
 Irene ! if there 's aught of thee that lives,
 Thou hast beholden me a suffering man ;
 Thou 'st seen the mind — its native strength how racked,
 Thou seest the bodily frame how sorely shaken,
 And thou wilt judge me, not as they do who live,
 But gently as thou didst judge all the world,
 When it was *thy* world."

Act III. Scene III.

Again he is in the gardens of the Convent of St. Conon's, where his cousin and sister, Anna and Eudoxia, have been placed with the right of sanctuary. He breaks into this finely meditative passage, which has the very spirit of such an hour : —

" Midnight is past ; yon western rim of light
 Is sunken and absorbed ; yet darkness comes not.
 The brow of Night is pale, — pale, but how lovely !
 Quieter far than life, than death less dark ;
 A voiceless revelation of the things
 Which lost their names when Eden was no more."

Act III. Scene IV.

Anna is meditating in another part of the same garden. How natural and how delicately contrasted are her feelings ! She alludes to the hurried farewell of her brother when he sent her from the city : —

" He did not say farewell, — a word though sad
 One would not have unspoken, — still a sweet sound,
 Though, it may be, a sound that parts forever,
 The dying cadence of a broken chord.
 He did not say farewell, nor did he look it,
 Nor kiss it, as he once, though not of late,
 Was wont to do. I have outgrown the time
 When all was unsuspected, unsuspicious :
 And yet I would not be a child again.
 How quiet is the night, — no breath afloat !
 I hear the kine upon the far hillside
 Tear up the long dank grass. And such a morn
 Will break the rest of this so peaceful night !
 Hark ! What is that ? "

Act III. Scene V.

Now follow the preparations for war. We glance at the

common people, at the superstitious devotion to religious rites, at the current thoughts of the soldiery ; and amid the din of war Comnenus urges his cousin Anna to marry Alexius. By a feint of defeat, losing his shield and spear, he gains admittance within the gates of the city in disguise, and, with a few chosen followers, hoists the flag upon St. Sophia, the signal of victory. The monks oppose the populace ; he finds the palace an easy prey. Isaac once secure in power, which indeed is his only security for life, gives over his crown to Alexius ; the imprisoned Emperor dies by his own hand. Comnenus has forebodings which render him uneasy ; he prophesies, and comments gloomily upon death ; the disappointed Theodora enters the banqueting-hall a suppliant, and, under pretext of begging the body of her father, plunges a concealed dagger into the side of Comnenus. And here the curtain falls. Isaac, in the course of the play, speaks his own epitaph most justly.

“ Yet is he in sad truth a faulty man :
In slavish, tyrannous, and turbulent times
He drew his lot of life, and of the times
Some deep and bloody stains have fallen upon him.
But be it said he had this honesty,
That, undesirous of a false renown,
He ever wished to pass for what he was ;
One that swerved much and oft ; but, being still
Deliberately bent upon the right,
Had kept it in the main ; one that much loved
Whate'er in man is worthy high respect,
And in his soul devoutly did aspire
To be it all ; yet felt from time to time
The littleness that clings to what is human,
And suffered from the shame of having felt it.”

We have lingered thus long upon Isaac Comnenus, because he presents in dim outline the hero of Taylor's next drama, Philip van Artevelde ; and though the language above quoted shall be eclipsed by what now follows in purity and simplicity of diction, we have shown that his first work is by no means deficient in the careful adaptation of language to thought. The fault of Comnenus is its limited plot, and a certain sameness which deadens the interest. It needs the relief of a good clown.

"Philip van Artevelde" is the play by which the author is best known, and which in uniform and general excellence he will never surpass. It were well for the reader to hunt up his Froissart, and study carefully his geography of the Middle Age, before he begins the drama, for this play is a masterly study of the leading events in Europe in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and, unless you come in a sort prepared to sympathize with the movements of the age, you will close your eyes to the best things in it; you will also miss its spirit. Bruges and Ghent then carried on a commerce which rivalled the palmiest days of Venice; they were the centres of European industry. In these and similar towns, the workmen were divided into crafts and guilds, and the spirit of freedom was breaking out among all classes of the commonalty. All Europe looked to Flanders to see how the yoke of feudalism should be broken. Revolution was rumbling beneath the pavement of the populous city. With industry came freedom; with freedom, intelligence; with intelligence, the desire to act; and the desire was not long in breeding the power. Leaders were nursing their solitary thoughts, chafing like war-horses, impatient for the battle. But to the greater number it was "no arts, no letters, no society,—and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." It was not till the commonalty, going between the oppressed many and the elevated few, took sides with the former, that feudalism gave way. The industrious, manufacturing cities were the stepping-stone. It is in the very thick of this movement that the play opens, about the year 1385.

It will be impossible to give here any sketch of the whole play; we can only follow the fortunes of Artevelde, who indeed describes himself in his own ideal of true manhood.

" All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerately,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage,
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes. I trained myself
To take my place in high or low estate,

As one of that scant order of mankind.
Wherefore, though I indulge no more the dream
Of living, as I hoped I might have lived,
A life of temperate and thoughtful joy,
Yet I repine not, and from this time forth
Will cast no look behind."

Act I. Scene X.

It is evidently the author's purpose here to show how a meditative man may summon his powers to action, how he may be even better qualified for the severer duties of state by having to some degree known himself. Hence a great interest centres in the development of Artevelde's character. He comes upon the stage at a time when the White Hoods have been severely defeated in battle with the Earl of Flanders. A man is needed who has no past sins to own or disown, whose reputation is pure, in whom the city can confide. The leader of the White Hoods seeks out Artevelde.

"He saunters undisturbed along the Lis,
Forever angling as he used to do";

but a burden is on his mind, and he is considering his duty in these afflicted times. His intimate communion with Father John, an old monk, has not been in vain. Now they talk of woman's love, how it may be led away by military glory, to which Artevelde replies:—

"And wherefore so? Because the women's heaven
Is vanity, and that is over all.
What's friest still finds favor in their eyes;
What's noisiest keeps the entrance of their ears.
The noise and blaze of arms enchants them most;
Wit, too, and wisdom, that's admired of all,
They can admire,—the glory, not the thing.
An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine. For me,
Nor noise nor blaze attend my peaceful path;
Nor, were it otherwise, should I desire
That noise and blaze of mine won any heart.
Wherefore it is that I would fain possess,
If any, that which David wept,—a love
Passing the love of women.

"*Father John.* Deem you not
There may be one who so transcends her sex
In loving, as to match the son of Saul?

Artevelde. It may be I have deemed or dreamed of such.
 But what know I? We figure to ourselves
 The thing we like, and then we build it up
 As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
 For Thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
 And home-bound Fancy runs her bark ashore.

Act I. Scene V.

But sterner cares await him. Van den Bosch pleads with him to take the helm of state. He turns to the "doorstead of his father's house" and shows where once his father poured forth his blood to satisfy a turbulent populace, and tells how his mother nursed in his young heart the purpose of revenge,

*"which, like a prayer
 Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew,"*

and then asks if he shall govern such a multitude as that. The men who slew him are yet living, but

*"They cannot render back
 The golden bowl that's broken at the fountain,
 Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
 Or twist again the silver cord that's loosed."*

Yet with a noble indifference to self, he says:—

*"And were I linked to earth no otherwise
 But that my whole heart centred in myself,
 I could have tossed you this poor life to play with,
 Taking no second thought."*

How natural to such a character is this soliloquy!

*"Is it vainglory which thus whispers me
 That 't is ignoble to have led my life
 In idle meditations,—that the times
 Demand me, echoing my father's name?
 O what a fiery heart was his! such souls,
 Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
 Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
 A voice that in the distance far away
 Wakens the slumbering ages."*

We should be glad to quote every word of the interview between Artevelde and Adriana, where ripe affection winds around duty and breathes an inspiration into the spirit of the hero. Nothing makes a man braver and stronger in action than the deep love of woman. Artevelde goes forth from this

meeting a new and better man. His duty lies plainly before him; he does it. Traitors are trying to foist a peace upon the efforts of the White Hoods. At this moment he is made Captain. In brief, straightforward commands, he begins his rule. "Obey or die," is the watchword. He shudders at the thought of spilling his first blood; he detects the traitors. Meeting in the Stadt-House, they reveal their plans, and the ringleaders are stabbed, one by Artevelde, the other by Van den Bosch. The faction is now dispersed; but Ghent is a famished city. Artevelde retires to the tower of St. Nicholas, and there at early daybreak he escapes from his new cares and dangers in this noble soliloquy: —

"There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!
 What an unreal and fantastic world
 Is going on below!
 Within the sweep of yon encircling wall
 How many a large creation of the night,
 Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
 Peopled with busy transitory groups,
 Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd!
 — If when the shows had left the dreamers' eyes
 They should float upward visibly to mine,
 How thick with apparitions were that void!
 But now the blank and blind profundity
 Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.
 — I have not slept. I am to blame for that.
 Long vigils, joined with scant and meagre food,
 Must needs impair that promptitude of mind,
 And cheerfulness of spirit, which in him
 Who leads a multitude is past all price.
 I think I could redeem an hour's repose
 Out of the night that I have squandered, yet.
 The breezes, launched upon their early voyage,
 Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.
 I will enfold my cloak about my limbs,
 And lie where I shall front them; — here I think.

[*He lies down.*]

If this were over — blessed be the calm
 That comes to me at last! A friend in need
 Is nature to us, that, when all is spent,
 Brings slumber — bountifully — whereupon
 We give her sleepy welcome — if all this
 Were honorably over — Adriana —

[*Falls asleep, but starts up almost instantly.*]

I heard a hoof, a horse's hoof, I'll swear,
Upon the road from Bruges, — or did I dream?
No! 't is the gallop of a horse at speed."

Act IV. Scene I.

Here is the character of Artevelde carefully drawn, the longing to be free from care, the anxiety, his love of Adriana, and the philosophical comments mingled with casual notice of nature. The sketch of the famine is given in a masterly manner. Artevelde conceives the plan of getting supplies from Bruges by a sudden surprise. He puts it into immediate execution; the citizens lend him all their aid; he succeeds; the city is saved from famine. Artevelde by this one bold stroke becomes Regent of Flanders. He rescues Adriana from those who had stolen her away from Ghent, and hangs the ringleaders. Thus closes the first part, in which his character has been developed, and in which he is shown to be fully capable of large discernment in affairs. We notice here the introduction of two new scenes in the latest edition to save abruptness. They are not much addition, and yet they serve to give us an insight into the feelings of the common people.

The second part will disappoint those who demand a successful hero. It has more stir and life of movement than the former, but it omits to set the hero upon the dazzling pinnacle which we instinctively claim for him. We must ask the reader to accept our yet further comments without the quotations; we have no room for them; but we are not quite sure if the second part is not better than the first. It takes Artevelde over a more difficult ground, and does not destroy our admiration of the man. Consider the position. He has subdued and holds undisputed nearly the whole of Flanders. He has the trappings of royalty. His wife, Adriana, is now dead; he has no heart into which he can pour what strong and meditative men feel much more deeply than weak ones, — the reserved energy of his life. There are plenty of warlike men; he can command, they perform; but the ear of love is closed; the one loved above all others has been snatched from mortal sight. What shall this man, whom not ambition, not avarice, not any of the baser passions can satisfy, do? A fair Italian, a disappointed lover, once the paramour of a

French Duke, was taken at Bruges. She meets that longing for gentle sympathy in Artevelde which no one but his dead wife could supply. He protects her from rudeness in the camp; suffers himself in the intervals of care to be won by the new fascination; and she becomes his mistress. He knows this thing is indefensible; he is made cruelly aware of the shame and the weakness it has brought him; and yet, we believe there is a good reason for the position in which Artevelde is placed. He is here true to his character, as a yearning, sensitive, and finely-moulded man, who, in the wreck of those times, finding a woman that loved him, if even with a sinful love, clasps her to himself, as a drowning man would a plank. Mark you here; the relation is not one of lust, but of sympathy. The love passages between them, in which Artevelde dwells with passionate fondness upon his sainted Adriana, have no impurity. And the gentle Elena shrinks with true womanly feeling from casting dishonor upon the Regent's name. Had the Church sanctioned the tie, it had all been well; but that age was not notorious for virtue; and both the age and the make of Artevelde's character say that he is true to the hero of that day as he is. Elena is faithful as a very wife; she relieves the tiresomeness of incessant care; and at the end, standing bravely over his dead body and slaying the coward who stabbed him, she too becomes a heroine; and there she dies by the side of him she loved with a love only second, as indeed was his, to the first she had known. The noble elements in his character stand out strongly in this second part, tried as they are by ever-thickening adversity. He releases Sir Fleureant when he is worthy of death; he protects and defends the honor of Elena; he bravely and generously allies himself with the oppressed poor, when England fails to come to his rescue against the king of France; he then rises to a hero when he says,

“ Let England play me false :

The greater is my glory if the day
Is won without her aid. *I stand alone ;*
And standing so against the mingled might
Of Burgundy and France, to hold mine own
Is special commendation ; to prevail
So far as victory were high renown ;
To be foredone no singular disgrace.”

He takes the news of reverses calmly ; town after town falls away, but he shows no concern to others ; oppressed with continual failure, he recounts to Elena gloomy observations on the soul, the end of life, and his own troubled dreams. Indeed, a dream warns him of his death, and therein the spectral shade of Adriana revisits him. He is all the while outwardly the stern and intrepid commander, but inwardly his very philosophy of life is undergoing the test of its value in that hour which he feels to be fast approaching. He never despairs, though the latter portion of the play shows plainly enough how eagerly he clung to even the last hope of mending his shattered fortunes. The scene in which he sleeps and dreams of the battle going on, and in which the phantom fight is reported, is masterly ; and indeed the whole of the second part, though crowded with figures, hurries you on with breathless speed to the final issue.

For other characters in the play, Sir Fleureant is an admirable villain ; Lestovet has true cunning, and plays his cards well ; Clara gives lightness and grace to the first, and Cecile to the second part ; the celebration of a saint's day in Bruges, and the Friar in the cell of Sir Fleureant, could not be mended ; while the whole play moves on in an orderly harmony, like a grand pageant of life four hundred years ago. The diction is more free, better under the author's control, than in "*Isaac Comnenus*" ; there is a rich simplicity in every part ; nothing is lugged in ; and when you have exhausted your critical acumen in analyzing the play, you will find that the author has anticipated defects at every point. Though written for the closet, it is a complete dramatic poem. It breathes the gentle refinement of a chivalric age, but Artevelde is made to anticipate the many-sided views of our own in his prolific meditations. It throws a light upon history which old Froissart could never kindle, and sets forth the dawning of political liberty in Continental Europe. It is not a little singular that the ablest delineation of plantation life at the South should be given in a dramatic poem apparently patterned upon "*Philip*," — we refer to Mrs. Putnam's "*Tragedy of Errors*" and "*Tragedy of Success*."

"*St. Clement's Eve*" is, in a sense, the continuation of

"Philip." It is a play whose scenes are laid in France, in the maturity of Charles VI. It has the same object, — to delineate mediæval life; but is more tragic, and confined within a much smaller compass. While it shows the struggle going on between the people and their rulers, it also pictures the intense selfishness of the titled classes. The main interest of the play centres in Iolande, whom the Duke of Orleans rescues from outrage in the Convent of the Celestines, and afterwards himself falls in love with. He is rebuked by her when she discovers that he has a wife of his own,

"Gentle, pure,
Most loving and much injured."

She afterwards attempts to cure the madness of the king by some spell supposed to reside in a virtuous maiden. She fails, is condemned to death by a special law for her failure, and finally perishes by a stray arrow from the crowd. The Duke of Orleans is killed by an assassin, who is himself slain by a private enemy. The Duke of Burgundy is made a tool of, in order to carry out this design. Thus the play abounds in horrors which are hardly relieved by its lighter portions, though it everywhere shows the consummate grace of Taylor's finished touches.

"Edwin the Fair" stands next to "Philip" in rank of excellence. It belongs to the Anglo-Saxon period of English history, and relates to the middle of the tenth century. St. Dunstan is the central actor in the drama. The underlying question of the age is the subjection of the secular clergy to the yoke of celibacy. This ranged St. Dunstan and the bishops and the monks on one side, and the king and his nobles and the seculars on the other. The marriage of the king by a secular priest brought the question to the arbitrament of arms. In the war which followed, both the king and the queen were rescued from the power of Dunstan; but the gentler came to him in death, and the manlier died in his very presence. Meantime, the Danes had burst upon the coast, and the hostile armies were speedily fraternized to defeat a common foe. On this outline is built up a living history of the past, from which we quote, not more to show the character of Dunstan than to set forth the minute excellences in which the play abounds. A

swineherd recounts to a forester his troubles, and in so doing gives the first glimpse of Dunstan, together with the rustic's sensible opinion of him : —

"Last Tuesday week, the vigil of St. Swithin,
Up in the branches of an ancient tree
I perched myself for shade, and there the wind
Rocking the bough and snoring in my ears,
It so mishappened that I slid asleep.
When I awoke, my herd had wandered far,
And far had I to follow, till, God's love !
Belated in the dusky forest's verge
I found them much amazed, a furlong's length,
No more, from where the holy Dunstan dwells,
Scourging his wasted body half the night
And wrestling with the Evil One.

"Forester.

Wish you well !

A tickle neighborhood was that.

"Swineherd.

'Out, swine,'

Quoth I, 'ye villains, will ye run to the pit,
And I to follow !' And with might and speed
I drave them back ; but volleying behind
There came such howls as scared us to the heart,
And, to my humble thinking, since that hour
We have not had that stomach for our food,
That hearty hunger and that natural joy
In eating, that we wont to have.

"Forester.

Such howls !

What howls ? The Devil's were they, or were they Dunstan's ?

"Swineherd. Sir, I have ears unskilful to discern

Betwixt the twain. They might have come from either.

For Dunstan his own back not less belabors

Than he belabors Satan." — Act I. Scene I.

The true cause of the war is touched on below. The marriage of his cousin, though prohibited by the Church, was only a pretext to have revenge, on the part of Dunstan and his party, upon the secular clergy : —

"Our monks of Malmesbury, those righteous men,
That ever were at work with book and bell
Praying and fasting, and with thong and scourge
Their flesh tormenting, have been rooted out,
And in their place vile seculars are planted,
A hunting, dancing, and carousing horde."

Earl Leolf shows the reputation of Dunstan among the courtly and cultivated classes : —

“Dunstan is not sane,
And madness that doth least declare itself
Endangers most and ever most infects
The unsound many. See where stands that man,
And where this people; then compute the peril
To one and all. When force and cunning meet
Upon the confine of one cloudy mind,
Where ignorance and knowledge halve the mass,
When night and day stand at an equinox,
Then storms are rife. Yet, once the king were crowned,
We could face Dunstan: which he knows too well,
And still by one thin pretext or another
Defers the coronation, and his will
The Primate follows.”

Alone, the Satan-driving saint thus meditates in his forest retirement:—

“Spirit of speculation, rest, O rest!
And push not from her place the spirit of prayer!
God, thou’st given unto me a troubled being:
So move upon the face thereof that light
May be, and be divided from the darkness!
Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
The spirit of that darkness, whom not I,
But Thou through me compellest.”

His lofty pretensions to spiritual power, which, so far as Satan is concerned, were mainly owing to the satanic personations of his servant Gurmo, impose upon the queen-mother, who turns away from her son because he secretly marries, while the great personages of the realm are celebrating his coronation, his cousin Elgiva. This brings the opposite parties to a climax. The disturbance in the banqueting-hall is spiritedly rendered; so, too, is the scene in which Dunstan, with the Archbishop and an ever-thickening crowd, denounces the act of the king, and orders Elgiva to be taken to prison. Throughout the play this personation of ambitious priestcraft—with his papal excommunications, his cunning feints of Divine inspiration, his partly insane imprecations, and his attempts, as the head of the monastic party, to control the realm—commands a certain reverence and respect, if not awe. His insanity reminds us of Hamlet; but he knew far better than the moody Dane when it would serve his purpose to put his madness off. His long speech in the Synod, with the answering crucifix, is

masterly ; and so, indeed, is the representation of the whole council. Taylor excels, perhaps, more in his minute arrangements of such dramatic action, than in a vivid, glowing conception of character. He is just the reverse of Byron, whose *dramatis personæ* are superficial and brilliant, but do not allow study. The king is imprisoned, by Dunstan's order, in the Tower, where he offers him the alternative of death, or renunciation of his marriage ; out of which plight he is rescued by the unfaithfulness of Gurmo, and the unexpected presence of Athulf with the royal troops. After this, the play rapidly gathers to a close. Elgiva, imprisoned in a lonely tower, is rescued by Leolf, who had been her whilom lover, and whose disappointment because she married the king, though he bore it with knightly courage, is truthfully and beautifully portrayed. His soliloquy by the sea-shore, too long for quotation, is exquisitely natural and touching. Elgiva's escape gladdens, but the sudden news of her death both saddens and maddens the king. Dunstan's forces are scattered, part to repress the Danes, part to meet the king, — who, in his anger venturing too far in the fight before the walls of Malpas, is wounded and falls into the hands of Dunstan. The play closes with the following scene, in which the shades of feeling in the king's mind, and the monastic austerity of Dunstan, are keenly and finely delineated. The body of the queen has been placed on a bier in the transept of the cathedral, and chanting is heard at intervals from the side chapel.

“ *Edwin.* Where art thou, my beloved ? Come to me !
Art thou not here ? They said so, but 't was false, —
Thou art not here, for if thou wert, I know
Thou 'dst fly to meet me. — Ha ! I see thee now,
And yet thou mov'st not. What ! in chains again ?
Not so, Elgiva, — thou art free, my love, —
I smote them with the sword. O, come to me !

“ *Dunstan.* Doctor, thou mad'st report
The fever had abated.

“ *The Physician.* Had, my lord ;
But rages now afresh.

“ *Dunstan.* How came he hither ?

“ *Attendant.* He asked us if the queen were buried yet,
Or where the body lay ; we told him, here ;
And he commanded we should bring him.

"Dunstan.

See!

"Edwin. Thy hand is very cold, — come, come, look up.
Hast not a word to say to so much love?
Well, as thou wilt, — but 't was not always thus.
So soon to be forgotten! O, so soon!
And I have loved so truly all this while!
I dream, — I do but dream, I think, — what 's here?
'T is not the dress that thou wert wont to wear.
This is a corpse! Attendance here! What, ho!
Who was so bold to bring a stone-cold corpse
Into the king's apartment? Stop, — be still, —
I know not that. Give me but time, my friends,
And I will tell you.

"The Physician. Draw him from the corpse:
This loss of blood that drains the fever off
Anon will bring him to himself.

"A Monk. My lord,
I hear a shout as of a multitude
In the north suburb.

"Dunstan. Bridferth, mount the tower,
And look abroad.

"Edwin. That was a voice I knew, —
It came from darkness and the pit, — but hark!
An angel's song. . . 'T is Dunstan that I see!
Rebellious monk! I lay my body down
Here at thy feet to die, but not my soul,
Which goes to God. The cry of innocent blood
Is up against thee, and the Avenger's cry
Shall answer it. Support me, Sirs, I pray;
Be patient with me . . . there was something still . . .
I know not what . . . under your pardon . . . yes . . .
Touching my burial . . . did I not see but now
Another corpse . . . I pray you, Sirs, . . . there . . . there . . .

[Dies.

"Bridferth (from the Tower).

My Lord, my Lord, Harcarther flies; the Danes
Are pouring through the gate. Harcarther falls.

"Dunstan. Give me the crucifix. Bring out the relics.
Host of the Lord of Hosts, forth once again!"

Mark the contrast between the king's fond, endearing words and his sudden exclamation, "This is a corpse." That is true dramatic effect. There is a similar passage in "Philip," where Elena is standing by the dead body of Artevelde. Van Ryk says:—

"The enemy is near
In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.
"Elena. The body!"

This is the forgetfulness of sudden grief; and the whole long passage just quoted aptly embodies the changefulness and intensity of this feeling.

But in analyzing the character of Dunstan, we must not lose sight of the lighter and more graceful portions of the play. Athulf is touched with tender feeling toward the princess, who "frankly with a pleasant laugh held out her arrowy hand."

"*Sidroc.* What could she less? A hand
To have and hold is something; but to hold
And not to have — but end your tale — this hand —

"*Athulf.* I *thought* it trembled as it lay in mine,
But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
And said that she felt nothing.

"*Sidroc.* What felt'st thou?

"*Athulf.* A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,
As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom."

Act I. Scene VI.

Again the king alone with Elgiva thus discourses: —

"Beloved Elgiva,
Thy beauty o'er the earth a passion breathes
Which, softly sweeping through me, brings one tone
From all this plural being, as the wind
From yonder sycamore, whose thousand leaves
With lavish play to one soft music moved
Tremble and sigh together.

"*Elgiva.* What a charm
The neighboring grove to this lone chamber lends!
I've loved it from my childhood. How long since
Is it, that standing in this compassed window
The blackbird sang us forth; from yonder bough
That hides the arbor, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky."

Act I. Scene V.

The thoughtful Wulfstan discourses upon love with the gravity of a philosopher, with the beauty of a poet. This is a passage in which the author speaks through the drama, and throws into the meditative scholar of the tenth century the accumulated wisdom of the nineteenth: —

"Love changes with the changing life of man :
In its first youth, sufficient to itself,
Heedless of all beside, it reigns alone,
Revels or storms, and spends itself in passion.
In middle age, — a garden through whose soil
The roots of neighboring forest-trees have crept, —
It strikes on stringy customs bedded deep,
Perhaps on alien passions ; still it grows
And lacks not force nor freshness ; but this age
Shall aptly choose as answering best its own
A love that clings not nor is exigent,
Encumbers not the active purposes
Nor drains their source ; but proffers with free grace
Pleasure at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived,
A washing of the weary traveller's feet,
A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose
Alternate and preparative, in groves
Where, loving much the flower that loves the shade,
And loving much the shade that that flower loves,
He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved,
Thence starting light and pleasantly let go
When serious service calls."

"Edwin" is an excellent study ; not so comprehensive as "Philip," but as carefully worked out, and having the comic portions more equably disposed. The brave Leolf, the gentle Elgiva, the satanic Dunstan, are finely idealized, while Wulfstan and Grimbald and Gurmo, and the very boors of the forest, have each the refinement or the roughness of those times. The play has the same general merits as "Philip" ; but the position taken, that Dunstan was insane, hardly gives the dramatic power, no matter what history says, which might have been gained by showing him to have been more of a statesman and less of a Get-thee-behind-me-Satan.

"The Eve of the Conquest" is a narrative poem, delineating the events in King Harold's life which belonged to the invasion of the Normans. It is short, and the remainder of the volume is made up with poems more directly personal. They all have a quiet beauty ; but they are toned down to a too uniform finish to impress the ordinary reader with the strength and depth of thought which their simple language conveys.

Taylor's chosen field is the historical drama, and here he is without a modern rival. He is too quiet for a lyric poet ; and

the comic element in all his writings shows a painful effort oftentimes at being funny. He could no more create a Falstaff than he could a soul beneath the ribs of Death. His great and leading excellence is the thorough study and delineation of the subject he has in hand. Less study and more fire would please us better; but we have to take poets as we find them, or as God made them; they will not change for the critic's sake. He seems to need a truthful basis of history in order to quicken his imagination; but this granted, no historical dramatist has entered more deeply into the spirit of the olden time than he. His delineation is finer than Sir Walter's; his accuracy and care speak in every line; his historic liveliness imparts a singular truthfulness to his characters; every scene is full of the spirit of the age to which it belongs. He has painted in dramatic form that living image of mediæval life for which Hallam only contributed the dry skeleton. Here the student will find history, poetry, and romance harmoniously blended, — a series of works which grow in fascination and beauty as you enter more thoroughly into their spirit. And this, indeed, is the true test of excellence, the same which we apply to the old masters in literature, and by which we retest them from age to age.

His prose writings are not inferior to his dramas. "The Statesman" is perhaps the author's most thoughtful work. He has been almost the first to treat practically and "systematically of administrative government as it ought to be exercised in a free state." He enters into the details of statesmanship, into the secret fashioning of the statesman's character, beginning with his earliest education, and following him through every department till his retirement from office in old age. The volume is more generally (for what applies to statesmen applies also to every man in a public position) a carefully written treatise on the art of using men and making them respect you. It has a certain aphoristic character, and is full of sensible yet penetrating observations upon human nature and public life. It reaches the core of the subject. It covers what the author has seen and knows. It is not theory, but practical teaching. It is a book which every American citizen eligible to any office ought to have at his tongue's end, nay,

thoroughly digested into personal wisdom. Had this book been read and followed by our present race of statesmen, many provoking mistakes might have been avoided. A few passages will indicate the more general character of the work.

“For it is from individualities that we learn; and even the political character of an age will be best taught when it is thrown into the life and character of an individual. Thus, for example, Lord Strafford’s despatches and the Clarendon state papers will be studied with more profit to a statesman than any history of the reign of Charles I.” — p. 4.

“It should be the care of a statesman to keep his curiosity alive, by carrying with him into society a sense of the public wants to which it is his duty to administer, and considering the abilities of the available men whom he meets there, as the most precious portion of the public resources.” — pp. 19, 20.

“It is of far greater importance to a statesman to make one friend who will hold out with him for twenty years, than to find twenty followers in one year, losing as many.” — p. 23.

“Without imagination, indeed, there can be no just and comprehensive philosophy; and without this there can be no true wisdom in dealing with practical affairs of a wide and complex nature. The imaginative faculty is essential to the seeing of many things from one point of view, and to the bringing of many things to one conclusion. It is necessary to that fluency of the mind’s operations which mainly contributes to its clearness. And, finally, it is necessary to bring about those manifold sympathies with various kinds of men in various conjunctures of circumstances, through which alone an active observation and living knowledge of mankind can be generated.” — pp. 37, 38.

“Calmness is of the very essence of order.” — p. 77.

These extracts have the pregnant wisdom of Dr. Walker’s writings, and they are a real contribution to an accurate insight into human nature. “*The Statesman*” is a type of all Taylor’s prose works. They are books to be read, studied, brooded over.

His “*Notes from Life*” — consisting of seven Essays, — “*On Money*,” “*Humility and Independence*,” “*Wisdom*,” “*Choice in Marriage*,” “*Children*,” “*The Life Poetic*,” “*The Ways of the Rich and Great*” — are the fruit of a more immediate observation and experience; but they have the same qualities which belong to his other writings, being rich in mellowed

thought, in shrewd suggestions, in deep and just and wise views of human life. The style has an ease, a naturalness, and a quiet strength which make the reading a source of genial and true enjoyment; and the quotable richness of his pages offers a tempting field to the essayist. "The Life Poetic" is perhaps more literary, and shows the author's matured convictions as to the formation and life of a great poet. "Choice in Marriage" abounds in timely suggestions; so does "The Ways of the Rich and Great"; but the essay upon "Children" has a wise thoughtfulness which we cannot too highly commend. Here is a passage which deserves the attention of every parent: —

"Great as is the importance of true religious doctrine, — which is, as it were, the body of religion, — it is, nevertheless, an importance subsidiary and derivative; it is derived from the efficacy of true religious doctrine to cherish and protect the growth of genuine religious feeling, which is the soul of religion. The opinions are the organic structure; the feelings are the vital principle. It is for the sake of the feelings that the organization is so important; and I think, therefore, that religious truths, or what the parent believes to be religious truths, should be presented to children through the conveyance of the feelings for implicit adoption, and not as matters to be wrought out in the understanding. For the primary object, which is to fix the feeling, will be in some measure frustrated, — the feeling will be in some measure abated or supplanted, — if more thought be called up than the feeling of its own mere motion will naturally generate."

The "Notes from Books" are simply literary essays, treating in part of Wordsworth's, in part of De Vere's poetry, and, besides these, discussing largely the different elements which enter into the composition of verse. They show the thoroughly informed critic and artist. The hints which he has supplied to the reader in these fugitive pages cannot be too highly prized for the guidance of his literary tastes.

These prose writings, together with the dramas, ought all to be republished in this country. There is some demand for them, and there would be more if the books could be had. They have always been popular with Southern readers, and there is no reason, save the absence of puffing, why they should not be popular among all cultivated people. They

together constitute a rare claim for prominence in English literature. Our chief object will be gained, if in these pages we have said enough to draw fresh students to explore the mine for themselves. We assure them that they will never come away unrewarded for their toil. They will not find huge ingots, as in John Foster's writings, but rather precious jewels,

"That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever."

In conclusion, we have only to say, that for years we have found Taylor a wise friend, a poet whose writings only ripen with age, a critic whose taste is almost unerring, a judicious counsellor in many of the minor perplexities of life, a companion, indeed, who sticketh closer and closer, like a very brother, with every lustrum.

ART. IV. — SOME NEW ATTEMPTS AT CONFORMITY.

The Result tested; a Review of the Proceedings of a Council at Georgetown, Mass., in August, 1863. By REV. EDWARD BEECHER, D.D., and REV. CHARLES BEECHER. Boston: Wright and Potter.

THE pamphlet whose title we cite by way of introduction to the topic on which we shall offer a few words, is of the nature of an appeal to the tribunal of public opinion from the judgment of an ecclesiastical tribunal; which judgment, it is claimed, was both wrong in substance and irregular in form, — since not a judicial verdict, but a friendly conference of opinion, was the purpose for which the council had been called. We shall by no means attempt ever so brief a review of the case. Its merits depend on a variety of personal considerations, which can be but imperfectly understood outside a limited circle. In such a case the general sympathy of the public is sure to go with the defendant. He is at least understood to be the champion of some sort of intellectual liberty, as against a forced and artificial religious unity or conformity. And when an appeal is made of this nature, it is the accuser or

the court that is forced into the attitude of defence. The instinctive judgment of the majority, in a community like ours, is always in favor of that side which has ever so small a claim to represent the larger liberty.

In the present instance, that disposition is confirmed by the traditional interest attaching to the name of the defendant, by what we imperfectly gather touching the fervor and power of the ministrations by which censure was invited, and by the interest that still lingers in the bold and singular protest made a few years ago by his brother and joint advocate against the common Orthodox interpretation of the Fall and Original Sin. We do not imagine that any considerable portion of the public either understood or cared for Dr. Edward Beecher's argument respecting evil spirits and the fall of man in a pre-existent state. But all who knew anything about the matter did respect the deep sincerity, the strong religious earnestness, and the mental heroism with which that extraordinary argument was put forth. To the uninitiated, it was not easy to see that such a theory helped the matter, either of human accountability, or Divine justice, or the veracity of Orthodox creeds. But it was clear to see that a brave, able, and faithful man thought so; and while the theory might be forgotten, the man retained his hold on our respect.

The interest we find in the pamphlet that lies before us is, first, the curious illustration it affords of the condition of religious speculation in the churches called Evangelical and Orthodox. The points in which the Rev. Charles Beecher is charged to differ from his brethren are points of pure and simple Gnosticism,—using that word in its general sense, as signifying a belief resting on arbitrary speculation or assumption. That the belief connects itself with very intense and real earnestness of conviction or emotion, is of the nature of all religious belief held by a certain order of temperament, and does not alter its essentially Gnostic character. The points condemned are these two;—first, the “Divine Sorrow,” signifying that the Infinite God is veritably grieved and pained at the sins of his children, and so (say the council) can enjoy but a broken and imperfect blessedness; and, secondly, “Pre-existence,” by which it is meant that the present

system of things is not the origin of sin, but a system adapted to remedy sin already existing, committed (it is inferred) by the soul in some previous state of being. Nothing that we could possibly say on these two topics, considered as matters not of emotion but of opinion, would take from them their purely transcendental and speculative character. Neither of them appeals to any proof which can come under any category of the human understanding, or be tried by any known criterion of true or false. The only evidence for them is the pious feeling which craves some such semblance of external support; the only evidence against them, so far as appears, is a similar pious feeling, which is shocked at their violent hostility to customary notions and ideas. That points so wholly abstract and ideal should make the matter of serious controversy at this day, might well have been deemed impossible. The verdict of the council, and the arguments against it, strike us equally with amazement, as symptoms of a stage of theological speculation which we had supposed outgrown by about three hundred years.

So far the interest is transient, and a matter of curiosity merely. But there is another aspect, in which it is genuine and abiding. Every such event as that which we have briefly noted is a distinct step in that process of education by which not only larger mental liberty is secured, but Protestantism itself is advancing towards a grander unity than Rome sought vainly to enforce. The personal aspects of the controversy fade and disappear. Its deeper religious lesson remains. Weary and futile are these endeavors, renewed in such variety of ways, to compel conformity among ever so small a school of thinkers. Yet no such endeavor, measured by the spirit roused to repel it, is quite in vain. One of the last lessons to learn, though it seems so easy to teach, is to distinguish harmony of faith from identity of creed. One of the last fallacies to unlearn, though it seems so transparently weak and absurd, is that which confuses sincerity of conviction with infallibility of doctrine. The first Protestant sects never once entertained the suspicion that their respective creeds, so scrupulously vouched by Scripture phrase and argument, might possibly be untrue. The task they set themselves about with such pitiless,

such pathetic persistency, was mainly the task of purging other creeds from error. Yet at best with what doubtful result. For religious faith so depends on the native vitality, the instinctive wants and energy of the soul, that in many cases it cannot so much as survive the process of disentangling it from error. It is a wonder that sectaries do not sometimes think of this. Yet here we find them, as in this Georgetown council, wrangling about inaccuracies in holding the most transcendent, mystical, and unintelligible doctrines, as if salvation itself were staked, not on the positive faith a man has, but on his exemption from mistakes in his way of stating it.

Of course it is not the harmfulness of error that is denied. Error is a disease, — the more thoroughly it can be eradicated, the better. It is a disease; but as such it is subject to conditions; it invades a vital organism; it must be dealt with in strict regard to the previous conditions of life itself. It is among the frightful exploits of an exaggerated and fanatic science, when surgery, in its zeal to strike at the roots of the malady, will strike at the very seat of life. One of Hawthorne's little tales, "The Birth-Mark," tells the moral of this most frequent and lamentable mistake. It is related of a French surgeon, that he satisfied himself by no less than six distinct experiments, that a particular way of amputation is certainly fatal, — which all the books had held before; but his rage for theory must be appeased. In the sphere of morals, of religion, of intellectual health and power, not six, but ten thousand experiments are constantly making, on principles which we may be sure beforehand must be fatal. It takes a large stock of vital force, a great amount of reserved power in the bodily constitution, to survive the measures which may become necessary in the crisis of a desperate malady. As a proper regimen, then, will give its chief attention to building up the firm structure of bodily health, rather than dose and drug every chance ailment, so a true religious method will not spend itself in the tasks of criticism and the refutation of errors, but in building up health of soul.

We trust we shall be pardoned in adding a few words on that religious problem which our friends at Georgetown have thus unskillfully tried to solve.

It is one of the conditions of every revolution in religious thought, — one of the dangers attending all progress in religious ideas, — that intellect gets in some measure divorced from faith. The faith has become hopelessly tangled up with error, and so an honest mind must protest against it; or it has grown arrogant and dogmatic, and so compels the hostility and defiance of that intelligence whose law is liberty. Then must come a period of protest, of criticism, of theological reform. The religious sense must be sacrificed in some degree to the better intellectual conditions which the time requires. But it is always with pain that the better-minded and the tender-hearted see the sacrifice. And presently a change comes. The controversy becomes obsolete, and its interest declines. Either there is spiritual indifference and decay, or there is a disposition to have back the old fellowship and fervor, at the expense even, it may be, of a little honesty; or else a new vein opens, and the latent religious confidence and zeal flow in another channel. It would be impossible to revive a genuine enthusiasm to refute or defend a doctrine that no longer directly blocks the way of intellectual advance. The impulses and habits that came from the elder culture by degrees lose their force. The antique spirit becomes diluted in the wide waters of modern thought. The natural reaction from theological controversy is religious indifferentism.

If we have not described the symptoms, we have at least pointed out the tendencies, of which religious reformers and critics ought to be aware. In the particular case before us, the censorious temper on both sides, the absence of anything like fraternity of feeling, or the wish to do mutual justice, is painfully apparent. To us it is not so much matter of blame or wonder, as it is symptomatic in the religious temper of the day. We have given — or the generation immediately before us has given — an undue preponderance to matters of intellectual curiosity or criticism. We, or they, have sundered dear fellowships and sacred associations, in the name of the Intellect, as judge of the Faith. And, as long as our first object is to keep off error, instead of building up the religious life, this course of things will certainly continue. Where individual culture so immensely predominates over sectarian loyalty, the

dangers to which we have referred in the needful phase of criticism will threaten all the more, until, with some, the question comes up in this form, — whether Christianity itself shall continue to act upon mankind as a living influence, or gradually spend its force, like a spent ball, and die away. And what some more vaguely apprehend, as to all the grand religious beliefs and structures of the past, comes near to others in a far more practical way, as to those particular associations and influences which make the religious atmosphere of their own life.

It is trite to say, that Christianity, to be true to us, must be to us not a theory of the Divine government merely or mainly, but a method of the Divine life. A theoretical union, such as church councils universally seem to crave, — a fellowship based on creeds, — cannot possibly be anything else but a treacherous and imperfect compromise. What is a creed, in fact, but a compromise of stifled individualisms? While the Trinitarian dogma was getting under way, the Church swarmed with compromise creeds, — the more hair-splitting and technical the more obstinately wrangled for; and when they were already involved in subtleties of distinction which cannot be stated in English, or indeed in any other tongue but the original Greek, one of these creeds had appended, as Gieseler recounts, no less than twenty-seven anathemas for as many delicate shadings of dissent. The Eastern Church split itself to pieces on these sharp points, and became, what it is to this day, a piece of mere state machinery. The Latin Church, which was blessed with inferior speculative genius, and was brought square to the task of converting the barbarians, on pain of being swept away by them among the other wrecks and fragments of the ancient world, had the good sense to take a creed for its practical uses. It chose the strongest, as being most serviceable, and excommunicated all the rest; and so Orthodoxy, by dint of the excellent service it wrought, has come down to us.

Since then the world has learned a lesson of large tolerance, and the danger of an overbearing creed is hardly the chief danger now. The danger rather is, lest, along with the implacable positiveness, we should lose the clearness, vigor,

and strength of religious thought itself, and sunder the sacred alliances which sustain the religious life. It is in the name of a true religious unity, quite as much as in the name of intellectual liberty, that we protest against any attempt to fetter the mind and conscience. As regards the very end for which such attempts are made,—the visible fellowship of believers,—it is mere folly and waste to take any other attitude than that of men who honor one another's integrity of thought, who understand and respect those delicate boundaries which have been drawn about each human intellect and heart, defining the sphere of each man's proper individuality. This struggle of three hundred years for personal independence and liberty of thinking has not been all in vain; and we are not going to take those steps backward which have already been trodden so painfully. As soon as we begin to do it, our coherence, such as it is, falls to pieces. What we want, in the name of Christian unity, is fellowship in aim, principle, feeling,—in moral conviction and religious endeavor,—such as will enable us to do precisely that work which Providence has marked out for us. The true strength of Mr. Beecher's argument in the pamphlet before us is where he calls the Lord's work itself to witness, which has prospered in his hands. Not that outward unity is of no account, but that a free alliance is a more earnest or real thing than a forced conformity, makes the true plea for religious liberty; for the message of *mere* individualism is a very brief one, and speedily despatched.

Doubtless the utmost range and license of speculation have their uses, and can be justly put under no other restraints than those of simple and absolute sincerity in thinking. "The army of truth needs its pickets and scouts in regions which it has not yet occupied or explored. The mind's health, as well as the body's, depends on the active process of appropriation. Nutrition, or change of material, is the very first characteristic of a living organism. But of practical teaching, the first task and the hardest is to convince men of the truth *they know already*. And how is this done? By a logical process? No; by a vital one. Reason about a natural conscience and the eternal distinction of right and wrong, and at best you will only make a tame theorist or a neat casuist. Throw a man of honest

impulses into a scene of danger, or show him the actual doing of any enormity, and away go his theories to the winds; he feels and acts as a man. So labor to convince men of the speculative truths of religion, — stopping with that, — and you cannot do much more than breed up a generation of quibblers and sceptics. But one goes into a conventicle, or is surprised by a sudden peril, or some unexpected word of religious sympathy melts him, — and he BELIEVES; — not the mere point that was touched, but all that lay latent in his mind is kindled, as when an electric spark leaps from point to point, making a device or a picture of vivid light. True or false, the latent creed in him bursts into vitality; and a mere accident, as it were, has made him, from a sceptic, a believer in as many articles as would make the longest creed. Without a particle of new evidence, he believes in the popular vision of heaven and hell, which was only a horrid dream to him before; he believes in the Trinity and Atonement, which were abhorrent and false to him before; he believes in the absolute authority of Scripture, which seemed foolishness to him before. We are relating the every-day experience of what is technically called “conversion.” As an intellectual process, it is worthless; as a vital one, it may involve the most momentous moral consequences, and be, what it is generally called, the regeneration of the man.

So subtle and perplexing are the laws of belief in our mental constitution. We did not make them; we cannot unmake them; we have only to respect them. Their springs are not touched by a logical process. That, in general, only trims and pares down the spontaneous growth of faith; — the main danger is of paring it too deep, so as to maim the life. It is by sympathy, by reverence, by the kindling of affection, that men believe; then their faith seizes and appropriates such intellectual elements as it finds at hand. As vehement a religionist, as imperious a dogmatist in his way as any, was Auguste Comte, who by some such process had vitalized his consummate scheme of scientific “positivism,” and who spent his last years with a self-devotion almost unparalleled, and mental ability rarely surpassed, to found a “religion of Humanity,” without a God, a Christ, or a future. It was simply that,

when the crisis of a moral regeneration came to him, it found no other intellectual material to work on, save his vague reminiscences of his early Catholic belief; and with singular intensity of conviction and a pathetic simplicity of good faith, he died, anticipating from his scientific creed the revival of true religion and the salvation of the world.

Most men, of any Christian training at all, have probably got truth enough, so far as regards the mere furnishing of mental material. The need with them is to feel it, and understand it, and apply it. Most men's convictions are most lively and effectual when narrowed to a single point. Paul hinged everything on justification by faith, and was determined to "know nothing but Christ and him crucified." John had nothing of that, but preached the simple love of God, and his "word made flesh abiding with us." Yet, from these opposite poles, each comprehended the whole sphere of the Gospel truth. Two eminent men of the last generation were born within a month of each other, and died not far apart, — Chalmers and Channing. One took the gospel of grace, and the other the gospel of humanity; each did his work, one which the other could not possibly have done; and the world well understands that from the religion of this nineteenth century neither could be spared. Every Christian sect, every honest and earnest man, carries the germ of what in its full ripeness should be the salvation of the world. It is only when Protestantism has had its perfect work, when each has followed out his own method, in entire freedom and absolute sincerity, that the conditions are secured of that higher religious unity, for which Protestantism, these three hundred years, has sought and sighed in vain.

ART. V.—WENDELL PHILLIPS AS AN ORATOR.

Speeches, Lectures, and Letters. By WENDELL PHILLIPS. Boston : James Redpath. Seventh Edition. 1863.

WERE there to be an Oration for the Crown of an international character, England and America putting forth rival claimants, probably few men in our country would fail to name as the representative of our own land Wendell Phillips. It is but recently that his most cherished opinions were shared only by a handful of men, while the vast majority were intensely imbittered against him ; even now the majority look upon him with doubtful, even though with admiring eyes, while a large minority, to say the least, deem him utterly pestiferous, and would be quite as glad to abolish him as he to abolish slavery. Yet those who hate and denounce him most would hold up both hands to secure his election, were the palm of oratory to be disputed as we have supposed,—that is, if they wished America to triumph. By common consent, by the equal acknowledgment of those who rejoice in, and of those who deplore the fact, he is the first forensic orator of our land at the present day ; *nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum*. Or if there be one who possesses rival powers, he is a man of that race in whose behalf Mr. Phillips has labored, the slave-born Frederick Douglass.

We do not forget others. Mr. Sumner is learned, exhaustive, ponderously eloquent. Mr. Beecher is a discourser of incomparable vividness, fertility, and picturesqueness. Mr. Everett is a master in what one may call literary oratory, graceful, lucid, classic, elegant, impressive ; but for the forum, *orator parum vehemens, dulcis tamen, ut Theophrasti discipulum possis agnoscere*. Many others might be named with high praise, especially were pulpit eloquence, strictly speaking, to be brought into the account ; for our country is fertile far beyond all others in modern times in oratorical gifts. But when all others are accredited with their proper excellence, Mr. Phillips, in a candid estimation, must, we think, be named as pre-eminent in forensic power.

The degree to which he is a native oratorical force may be suggested by the fact that, notwithstanding his pre-eminence, no one thinks of comparing him to any preceding orator. Almost every other man of literary eminence in America has been referred to some original in other lands and times. Irving was complimented by being named "the American Addison," Cooper "the American Scott," Dana "the American Coleridge" (*sic*); nay, it is incredibly affirmed by some that Nature has amused herself with the production of critics who could style Emerson an imitator of Carlyle; but the sportive Dame, we think, has never hatched a goose to cackle discovery of a foreign original for Wendell Phillips.

His speeches suggest no other speeches. We forget to ask what orator is his favorite, what one he has chiefly studied, whether Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, or Burke. Highly cultivated as he is, no man's eloquence, not that of Patrick Henry, nor of Jefferson's Indian chief Logan, ever sprang more from his own bosom, less from books. And this, we think, chiefly because it is no part of his aim to achieve eloquence for its own sake. He is saturated with unselfish purpose. He is intent on beneficent effects. He is eloquent partly because he does not try to be eloquent. He opens his heart to you as the spring buds do theirs; and you never think of asking from whom he learned how to do so.

It is the function of the orator as such distinctively to persuade men to honorable action, or enkindle them to noble sentiment, on the basis of their *national* life. This element of nationality must always be more or less, directly or indirectly, present, and is of the very gist and essence of the orator's inspiration. *Eloquence* there may be in books, in parlors, wherever men speak or write; but *oratory* belongs above all to the forum; it stands in close connection with patriotism; its principal purpose is to induce national truth, justice, courage, discretion, or honorable pride, to connect political or judicial action with the reason and heart of man.

The aim of the preacher is to induce depth and rectitude of *personal* life. He appeals to the sense of personal responsibility; he aims to upbuild personal character; he enters to the privacies of the soul; he takes up each individual

auditor to the summit of Sinai, and stands with him in the sole presence of the Highest; he strives to enhance those forces by which spiritual architectures are carried on, and to diminish those by which these are threatened. If the individual has duties toward the state, the preacher not only may, but in the just discharge of his own duty must, counsel their faithful and righteous fulfilment. He cannot urge all highest fidelities on the man, and countenance all infidelities in the citizen. He must follow the man into every stated department of his action, domestic, economical, political, social, and seek that in each he may acquit himself as a precious and immortal nature. It may happen, therefore, that the preacher and the forensic orator agree in the quality of their counsels; yet there will always be a difference in tone, because there is a difference in point of view. The orator is looking primarily to national justice and welfare; the preacher is looking primarily to private rectitude, to the spiritual prosperity of persons as such.

We may discriminate the position of a third speaker, namely, the lecturer. His chief aim is to induce intellectual and moral enlargement. Before all things else, he labors for the expansion of the human spirit, — to place things in broader and more subtle relations, to enkindle new and widening sympathies, to awaken elevating interests, to confer upon the common life of men the dignity of knowledge, of appreciation, and of thought.

The lecturer, therefore, addresses man as a mind; the preacher addresses him as a soul; the orator addresses him as a definite and corporate social reality. The first would make him universal by thought; the second would give his being infinitude by placing it in purest vital connection with the Divine; the third would have him connect the higher contents of his being with his corporate social life.

Great orators belong more particularly to periods of change or of crisis in the destiny of nations, as the instances of Mirabeau, Cicero, and Demosthenes suggest. Properly, too, the orator is *conservative*. He appeals to men in behalf of old and established principles. This position is requisite for the highest oratorical effect; for if the speaker must establish

principles, he at once falls into the attitude of the lecturer, and assumes it as his task rather to elucidate than to warm and persuade. Just in proportion, therefore, as the orator must propound anything new, he is cut off from the higher effects of his art. His position accordingly supposes in his audience a pre-existing community of faith, a pre-existing wealth of affection for certain ideas and institutions.

Hence there is no eloquence among a degenerate, degraded, and spiritually impoverished people. They do not supply the conditions under which oratory can flourish. Demosthenes, in later times, would not have been Demosthenes, but would have gone to his grave with the stammer of his youth. Scepticism slays eloquence. The soul of all powerful oratory is belief. Without intense and able believing, the orator can only bewitch, not inspire. Without genuine, hearty believing among the people, he can only smoulder, not blaze.

Therefore the substratum of all great forensic eloquence must be certain *assumptions* common to speaker and hearer. Assumption rules the world. Nothing else possesses the utmost power. And just in proportion to the depth, breadth, and richness of this body or soul of assumed principle in the bosom of a people, are they in a condition to vitalize the orator by their presence. And when, still further, against this deep-grounded, unquestioning faith there has come in some alien, insidious, invading element, persuasive by its appeal to fear, to avarice, to the love of indolent pleasure, just then is supplied to the orator that foothold and that occasion which he requires.

Let us see, now, to what degree these conditions have been supplied in the case of Mr. Phillips.

Our nation had assumed as its basis a doctrine of rights inhering in human beings simply as human. We built our national edifice on assumed principles of universal justice. We baptized these principles in the blood of battle; and having been victorious, we came forth from the crimson consecration to represent these principles before the world, and to perfect their application in our interior politics. And the nation was at the outset warm, hearty, intrepid in the faith it professed.

On the other hand, here was the alien element, slavery, for-

eign from our faith, antagonistic to our principles, odious to our feeling, but well nested among our institutions and traditions, having that possession which is "nine points of the law"; having the prestige of wealth, of power, of proud manners; having means to bribe commerce, to bribe place-hunting ambition, to bribe partisanship; having means equally to overawe timidity, to win the lovers of peace and ease, and to war against assault. Greedy, encroaching, insidious, and utterly subversive of the whole spirit and significance of our national life, — lured by the prospect of a virgin continent upon which to spread itself, and of a power that should overtop the world and dazzle the eye or silence the tongue of criticism, — it furnished occasion for patriotic alarm, such as history never has surpassed, and perhaps never may surpass.

Here, then, were both the substratum and the occasion for the orator's action and influence. On the one hand, we have the warm national faith, — the faith, too, of a resolute, energetic, brave people, potentialized by a quick flow of social sympathy; on the other hand, here is the innovating, unsettling element, apparently sure of victory, nay, seeming to be already victorious.

Into the arena thus prepared our orator steps forth, with room and verge for whatever patriotic devotion may glow in his bosom, and whatever persuasion may dwell in his tongue.

And here we call attention to the fact that his position is *strictly* conservative. That of Demosthenes was not more so. Terms have got strangely misapplied in our country; so that even the most enlightened of those who stood by the fundamental ideas of our polity have conceded to their opponents the title of conservative, while these opponents, though the partisans of a radical and subversive innovation, have appropriated the title without a moment's question of its fitness. But it was slavery that was alien and innovating; and its supporters in our country are radicals, in the odious and illegitimate sense of that word, — that is, they are eradicators of central faiths in behalf of superficial interests. Mr. Phillips has himself tossed the word *conservatism* from his lips with scorn; but if those are not conservative who sustain the ground ideas of the national life, pray, to whom can the term apply?

He occupies, then, so far, the typical position of the orator. He holds to those faiths which give the nation a distinctive character, and he holds them as against innovation of the most sweeping and destructive kind.

But now come in certain peculiarities of his position, some favoring and some disputing his influence.

In the first place, he has had one conspicuous advantage. The fundamental principles of our nationality, so far as he is concerned with them, coincide with the principles of universal justice, and with the instinctive sentiments of all humane hearts. Never had forensic eloquence a broader or more open appeal to the souls of men. "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers"; he is universal in being national, he is a philanthropist in being a patriot; and he makes his plea, not to any partial sentiment, but to the totality of man's spiritual nature. So far he stands, perhaps, in a more advantageous position than any one of the classic names in oratory.

On the other hand, he has in one respect a position peculiarly unfavorable to those effects for which he labors. Our nation is young; the principles of our national life have had small time to take historical root, to become traditions and customs of thought; one may almost say that they are still in dispute. Many have been attracted by their breadth and boldness; many have given them a thoughtless or half-thinking verbal enunciation; few have meditated upon them profoundly, weighed their worth, found their rightful limits, and pledged to them a considerate and resolute fealty. But there are never many who adopt broad principles from *thought*. That is the special distinction of philosophical intellect. The greater number, much the greater number, must come to them by instinctive attraction, which custom and tradition alone will fully and finally confirm. Any great national or social principle has still, in general, a loose and wavering hold on masses of men until it has been rocked in the cradles of several generations. The faith in principles of freedom and equal justice — of justice to *all* men and races of men — had not among us this depth of historical root; and when the winds of mercenary interest, of personal ambition, of partisan passion, began to blow fiercely upon it, the shallow hold it had upon many

hearts proved insufficient, and their faith lay prostrate in their souls.

It were easy to wonder at and blame this overmuch. It was doubtless disgraceful to us, but not unaccountably, nor perhaps inexcusably so. In truth, our great controversy represents, in some degree, a pure piece of historical advance. Hitherto there has been in the world little of *international conscience*. Nations have not charged themselves with the duty of justice toward each other. England, assuming to stand, and perhaps really standing, at the head of European civilization, robs Denmark, robs Spain, robs China, has robbed, indeed, right and left, whenever she could do so safely and to advantage. She may lift her hands in astonished reprobation of Napoleon's recent doings in Mexico; but the Emperor will hardly be able to better the instruction which her own example has afforded him. Peace in Europe has been maintained, not on any principle of international honor and justice, but confessedly on that of the balance of power. That is to say, England or France must forbear to "gobble up" the smaller and weaker states, not at all because nations owe justice to each other, but simply for the reason that, having done so, she would be more able to devour some larger neighbor. Balance of power meant balance of selfishness. Peace was established, not on a basis of conscience, but of distrust.

But if this be so in civilized Europe, how could we suppose that civilized states and races would exhibit much conscience toward those which are uncivilized? No, the very conception of applying the acknowledged principles of justice to the relations maintained with weaker and less cultivated races, the very conception of regarding them otherwise than as a prey, is new in the history of man, — new, we mean, as an element of politics, and on a scale of national importance.

It must be added also, that, even in the minds of thoughtful men, the duties of civilization in this connection are not *perfectly* defined. It is easy to push the matter to a sentimental excess. We are not of those who think that the Pilgrim Fathers should have remained on board the Mayflower until a vote of the aborigines permitted them to land, — or perhaps should not have decided to come hither at all, until they

had sent a deputation to this continent, and bargained for the privilege of becoming a portion of its inhabitants. That they might have considered the Indians more, that they might have managed to live with them more amicably, may be, and doubtless is, true ; but that they were bound to regard the savages as lawful possessors and owners of this continent, we by no means consider true. The final title to possession is use. In God's court of claims, he is the owner of a piece of property who can make it most serviceable to the being of man. We have, we must have, and therefore it is every way proper that we should have, our conventional arrangements with regard to private property. There can be no civilization without such, nor without a due respect for them. Yet property is forever stealing away, and by the law of the universe must steal away, from the hands of those who abridge, to the hands of those who enlarge its uses.

But while we will not concede to savages, above all to inveterate and incurable savages, the right of monopolizing a continent, if they choose to do so, yet it remains true, that this idea of a duty on the part of civilized toward uncivilized peoples is one as noble and necessary as it is new. No excess of application can belittle, nor in the end endanger it. History is about to make this piece of progress ; and whoever opposes her will go under her advancing feet, and be crushed to powder.

History is not nice and delicate in her discriminations, nor in her procedure. She is rude and wholesale. The Himalayas and Andes were not weighed out in an apothecary's balance, and heaped up with a teaspoon ; the heart of the planet has not been raised to a "comfortable" heat, like a warm bath, by thermometer ; nevertheless here is, at last, the green and serviceable earth, with motherly hospitalities for her inhabitants. History, like the planet on which it appears, has its own fiery, uncontrollable impulse and evolution, not observing precisely the boundaries we prescribe in our studies, yet surely reaching good ends. Mohammedanism sweeps over idolatrous lands amid a multitudinous trampling of hoofs and flashing of scymitars ; Protestantism foams into temples, and breaks over art, and decorum, and ancient remembrance, like the waves of an ocean storm over a stranded ship ; Puritanism

banishes beauty and hilarity and sport, and a thousand sweet amenities, from England ; and Democracy in like manner goes surging irresistibly, rudely, over the face of the modern world, sure to have its course, though Carlyle rage and Napoleon imagine a vain thing. Crude, partial, extravagant, putting suffrages into the hands of imps and idiots, taking sides with irredeemable savagery against Puritan civilization, ill-disciplined, noisy, self-asserting, expectorating, it nevertheless carries with it the present significance of human history ; and its claim of justice for all men,—its claim that the doors of civilization shall remain forever open to the feet of aspiration, that all who come shall enter, not to be pillaged, but to be protected, and that even those who remain without shall be honorably considered,—this grand claim has got to be fairly answered before the present turmoil of transition shall subside, and Peace unfold her white banner to the airs of a new morning in the world.

These opening purposes it is that our orator would advance by his personal effort. A child of the epoch, he is among the noblest and ablest of its servants. An orator, not a philosopher, born rather for the forum than for the school, he does not always make the discriminations we should desiderate, but he always does meet, in an admirable degree, the demands of his native position and chosen service.

“Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!”

The youth of those principles which are fundamental in our nationality has made our national faith in them unstable and shallow. Hence one great difficulty with which our orator has had to contend. If he attempted the great leaps of persuasion, the ground grew soft, and gave way under his feet. He must needs, therefore, begin laboring at foundations. He must indoctrinate the people at the same time that he would lead them to action. He must stand with one foot in the forum and the other in the lecture-room. Now it is ill standing in a door and speaking to audiences on both sides,—above all, if the audiences represent different modes of thought and feeling. But this is the position which Mr. Phillips has been compelled to occupy. It was not so with Demosthenes. The

faith and wishes of the Athenians were all assured, congruous, and unquestionable ; the difference was only on questions of daring and expediency. Every one must see at a glance how favorable to eloquence was the simplicity and singleness of an orator's attitude then, compared with that of one addressing a people whose faith and wishes are ill-assured, inconstant, many doubting and some affirming that the fundamental principles of the national life are but "glittering generalities," not solid truth. The former is like a man who stands firmly on the earth, and has free use of both hands ; the latter, like one who must use one hand to support his weight, while he labors with the other.

The result of this position has been the development of a new type of forensic eloquence, — an eloquence more laden with doctrine, more intellectual, than has been heard in the open air before. At the same time, we affirm that no great orator of former times came into the forum for so majestic an advocacy, none represented an historical movement of equal grandeur. The orators of classic antiquity were seeking preservation of the national *form* ; he has been aiming to preserve the *soul* of our nation, and that, too, not merely because it is ours, but from absolute devotion to justice and truth. A position of more dignity has seldom been held by man.

It must be conceded, also, that he has proved himself worthy of his vocation. More of intrepidity and persistency, a devotion more entire and unflinching, cannot be demanded. Bold, chivalrous, straightforward, unhesitating, unequivocal, he has feared no danger, he has spared no cost ; he has put his whole heart into a work to which only the nobility of his own spirit called him ; he has lavished his life in an heroic labor, for which his immediate outward reward was to be only the same that from time immemorial has awaited those who have proffered themselves to be champions of the weak against the strong, and of the despised few against the reputable many. His spirit has been equal alike to his gifts and his position : what need to say more ? We are not required to praise him : history will do that sufficiently.

But has he made no mistakes ? In our judgment, he has sometimes been in error, both as to the special objects of his

advocacy, and as to the mode of his working. We shall name two instances of what we deem such error, one of which has already become 'obsolete'.

His proper position, as we have shown, was that of a patriot, a friend and preserver of his country. Slavery was foreign, intrusive, destructive. Nothing can be more deadly to any government than that which subverts its fundamental ideas. It is superfluous to argue this point now, for the fact itself is blazing before every man's eyes and thundering at every man's ears. By the flames of war, and in the red letters of its carnage, even the blind must see that slavery was poisonous to the republic, and that the only hope of public safety lay in purging away this venom. Whoever, therefore, labored for these medicinal effects was a true friend and physician of the republic, and should have assumed that position openly and held it persistently.

By making his position and purpose clear in this respect, he might hope to enlist in the labors of reform that sentiment of instinctive, half-blind patriotism, which in a people that has power and promise of continuance is sure to be a force of immense importance. Few men are reasoners to any predominating extent; few have rational conscience in such degree as to sway and control their natures. The action of multitudes must be in great part instinctive, and if free reason and conscience come in at all, they must enter as the allies of instinct, not as its enemies. The national orator, therefore, who would nobly and usefully persuade the people, will act on a vantage-ground of incalculable value, if he appear so distinctly under the banners, and as the exponent, of patriotism, as to draw the instinctive love of country to his side.

Mr. Phillips did otherwise. He threw away this vast advantage. He chose to assault the fortress from without, rather than to defend it from within. He appeared as the foe of national institutions. Because the alien and innovating element of slavery had obtained some dubious foothold in the organic law of the land, and because it had stained the statute-book and usurped administration, this bold and chivalrous spirit, in company with a few others equally intrepid and devoted, declared enmity against the very institutions which had been thus wronged.

It was, we deem, an act of impatience, — the impatience, indeed, of brave and self-forgetful souls, an impatience lustrous with all noble feeling and energy, but nevertheless, by comparison with those highest possibilities of action which these men themselves suggest, an infirmity. It was the assumption of a greater task, instead of a less ; for the men of the North could have been persuaded to extinguish slavery far more easily than to break up the Union. It was an attempt to conquer a kingdom with an army of officers only, — that is, of those in whom intellectual and moral conviction can be the controlling element, leaving out the rank and file, — those, namely, who are governed chiefly by honorable instinct, though in obedience to this they can equal any devotion or valor of which the chief of men are capable.

Perhaps it will be said that this was with him and his compeers no matter of choice. Most surely not of *wilful* choice. Undoubtedly they were impelled to it by the sincerest conviction. But that is the misfortune we are speaking of. The conviction itself is the calamity. In our judgment, it was due to a vehemence of recoil from the things they abhorred, not *purely* to a necessity in the case itself. So far, indeed, as it operated to keep them out of party politics, and hold them to the merits of the case, it was undoubtedly beneficial ; nevertheless, in identifying the disease with the body affected by it, and in assuming, by consequence, the attitude, not of reform, but of revolution, we judge that they enhanced their difficulties, weakened their forces, led thousands of honest men to mistake their fundamental purposes, and hindered the cause for which they were sacrificing ease, fortune, repute, place, all that selfishness can covet, and much that social feeling may honorably desire, and in comparison with whose prosperity they counted their heart's blood but as water.

But this is past. Tested by events, they proved themselves candid as they had ever been courageous ; and the clarion note of our orator rang out in behalf of Union for the sake of justice and freedom.

But it may also be alleged against Mr. Phillips, that he uses personal criticism and invective in excess. We think the charge not wholly without foundation. Let us be under-

stood. If he be accused of native bitterness or acridity, we think the accusation misses its mark most notably. In truth, it is the *absence* of acrid elements in his composition, the total and singular want of malign feeling, which has enabled him to use such severity without becoming suspicious of himself. A little base hatred in his bosom would have checked his tongue, for it would have given his invective a reactive sting, and brought it into collision with conscience. In truth, he is one of the most genial and friendly of human beings, strictly incapable of a malign emotion.

His severities of censure are partly the product of pure moral indignation, and so far belong to the legitimate resources of the orator; and partly they are bred from a special theory of action, and so far we visit them with some blame. He has a theory that personal criticism is a more efficient agent in reform than any other; and though it brings upon himself hatred and opprobrium, yet for its efficiency he will use it, be the cost to himself what it may. His adoption of this instrumentality is part and parcel of his uncompromising, unselfish, chivalrous devotion to the grand objects of his life; yet we think it erroneous. But how did he arrive at this theory?

When the Abolitionists began their great enterprise, the multitude of men who esteemed them pernicious sought at first to crush and extinguish them, by means of mobs, halters, social exclusions, opprobriums, — in fine, by a general chorus of hiss and menace. The attempt failed. One plain man, who had a genius for being sure of his own will, said, "I will speak; I will be heard." Something in the tone shook the confidence of assault. Then Respectability had a bright thought. It said, smiling, "Speak, then, if you will; but as for being heard, that is another matter; your tongue is your own, but our ears are ours." Antislavery was to be ignored. Its orators might orate to one another till their ears were deafened and their tongues outworn: who cared?

Then it was that antislavery oratory began experimenting at cures for deafness. We must admit that it experimented to purpose. It made the "greatest medical discovery of the age." It caused the ears of men to drag their unwilling

owners within the sound of hated voices. It quickened their auditory powers till they could hear through walls of any thickness. And it did this by resorting to stinging personal criticism. Twang went the bow, the barbed arrow flew, and the callous ear suddenly awoke into astonishing powers of apprehension.

Audience was obtained. Now let there be a change of tone. Now let these people learn that we resorted to severities unwillingly ; that our permanent purpose is not to wound, but to guide.

Alas ! no, the temporary expedient had taken root and become a system of action. Honestly adopted, gallantly and unselfishly pursued, it is in our judgment mistaken, nevertheless. Give us the minimum of denunciation. Necessary it is at times ; let necessity alone call it forth. Be as brave and persistent to assume candor in men, as to pierce their uncandor or to encounter their wrath.

We think Mr. Phillips not sufficiently sparing and considerate in the use of personal invective. We think him sometimes blamably hasty in his judgments. We think him subject to the influence of moods and occasions to a degree that diminishes his authority. We do not believe it quite feasible for any man to become a platform Rhadamanthus. But we know that even his mistakes have a noble origin ; and now that the action of our government is to be mainly coincident with his purposes, and there is opening for him a broad field of happy activity, we look to see him even more lustrous in alliance with the state than he has been in resisting it. And while we could wish the special manners of the opposition cast aside, we can, with respect to the purposes he shall cherish, and the powers he shall employ, wish him nothing better than that he may continue to be himself.

ART. VI. — MODERN ROME.

1. *The Church and the Churches ; or, The Papacy and the Temporal Power. An Historical and Political Review.* By DR. DÖLLINGER. Translated, with the Author's permission, by WILLIAM BERNARD MACCABE. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.
2. *Cathedra Petri: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate.* By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M. A. Camb. and Durh., F. R. S. L., Barrister at Law. [4 vols.] London: Thickbroom Brothers. [1856 - 61.]
3. *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, ou Guelfes et Gibelins.* Par J. FERRARI. [4 vols.] Paris: Didier et C^{ie}, Libraires-Editeurs. 1858.

IN a former number* we undertook to sketch the outline and report the substance of the two lectures delivered in Munich, in 1861, by Dr. Döllinger, upon the temporal power of the Pope, which excited so much apprehension, and provoked so many controversies. From those lectures has arisen the work the title of which we have given above. It is a very full exposition, from the Catholic point of view, of the tendency and condition of the churches which contrive to do without the Pope. As an indication and a result of the progress of liberal opinions in the Roman Church, it has a significance and an interest which neither its false statements nor its feeble theories can wholly extinguish.

The first three volumes of Mr. Greenwood's very learned history have been noticed in our pages as they appeared.† The brilliant work of Ferrari, as eloquent as it is exhaustive, well deserves the applause it has received. In its method and its style the concluding part, upon modern Italy, is a masterpiece of philosophical narrative. Upon the problems these books suggest — upon that strange condition of the world they indicate, upon that history so full of sadness, if never wanting in promise, which they rehearse — it cannot but be wholesome for us at times to dwell.

Amidst the silence and the gloom of ages, — amidst the

* See Christian Examiner for September, 1862, p. 286.

† Christian Examiner for September, 1857, and January, 1862.

shadows and the wrecks of empire, — over the very pavement that rang once with the tramp of armies reeling home from a conquered world, — you may pass along the Appian Way, by the tombs of the Scipios and the palaces of the Cæsars, under the Arch of Constantine, to the Colosseum and the Roman Forum and the Capitol Hill. And the new Rome which lies beyond, crowded with temples and palaces, sombre and sad, is but the creation of the old Rome you have traversed, repeating at once its aspirations and its decay. Wherever you walk, — in the galleries of the Vatican, by the column of Trajan or the tomb of Hadrian, among the violets of the Campagna or the ilexes of the Ludovici Gardens, — this double character of the Roman world, this mysterious continuity of the Roman life, impresses the mind as at once the striking characteristic and the solemn lesson of Rome.

Christian Rome is but a repetition in another form of the pagan Rome it supplanted. The primitive Christianity was a reaction against the desolation of a worn-out world; its simplicity and its purity were in themselves a revelation to the jaded minds and the disordered conscience of men. As Eusebius said, it lighted the earth like a sunbeam. But when the novelty of its freshness was gone, the lower tendencies of men asserted themselves. The old world came back, with its superstitions and its ceremonies, with its worship of form and its craving for symbols. The Popes succeeded to the Cæsars, and the world-wide dominion of the Church followed that of the Empire. It was through the Papacy that for many centuries the religion of the world was controlled. Thus the modern civilization has taken its color, in part, from the paganism of ancient Rome.

The struggle of the Protestant mind with the Catholic Church has been but the old effort of the free will and the pure thought to throw off the impurities of superstition which tend to gather about the civilization they corrode. The progress of the world has come through reaction as often as through revolution. The will of man seldom keeps pace with his convictions; and at no period have the convictions of men embraced the whole of life. Thus a progress absorbing, violent, in one direction, excluding all other elements, and con-

tradicting all former experience, soon comes to an end. The inevitable law of reaction begins to operate; the tide-floods and the old evils come surging back. But no truth is ever lost, no ground ever permanently yielded. Over the turbulent waves of change the world passes on to its better life. That disintegrating process in philosophy which characterized the last age is still carried on in religion in this; the old superstitions are decaying, the old idols falling. But over all the earth, tyrannical, corrupting, the paganism of the past still confronts the civilization of the future. And the strongholds of that paganism are to-day, as they have been for ages, on the banks of the Tiber, within the walls of Rome.

In contemplating the history of the Church, it is a striking fact that, out of the eighteen centuries of its existence in Rome, there have not been much more than three in which the Popes have wielded the temporal power they abused. For seven centuries, indeed, the Church could show no territorial possessions at all. It was only at a later period — in that darkness which came over the earth upon the fall of the Roman Empire — that the minds of men, timorous and feeble, were guided by all the inspiration of the age to the only source of its power in the visible Church, with its supreme priest and its material hierarchy. It ill becomes us now, reaping the fruits of its piety and its toil, to misunderstand its character, or to undervalue its aims, in the earlier stages of its history. There is a beauty and a splendor in the work it did, which lift it above the glories of the Greeks or the achievements of the Cæsars. It was a spiritual empire, wielded with faith and courage and hope, however debased by ignorance, or clouded by superstition, — a saving element in the confusion and turbulence of a decaying civilization and a distracted world. To an exultant empire it threatened ruin, to a ruined empire it promised peace. The inspiration of its power was in the solace it breathed. For the first time since, breaking off from the primeval stock, they had occupied and redeemed the peninsula of Italy, the religious feelings of the Latin races were profoundly moved. A certain degree of intellectual progress was the condition of the Christian culture. The nations that received and diffused it could be European only.

But to be educated to a full comprehension of its truth, there was still another condition necessary, — the monotonous materialism of the Empire. As the permanent assurance of virtue is found in the reaction against vice, so, in the progress of the race, the spiritual elements in our nature are most active and most beneficent when the material tendencies of men have driven them into that condition of desolation and despair which precedes the breaking up of civilization.

But, however firmly established was the spiritual supremacy of the Popes, their temporal power could not but be affected by the turbulent condition of the age it sought to control. During the whole of the twelfth century the Popes had no fixed territory of their own in Italy. Previous to Innocent III., says Dr. Döllinger, “no Pope can be named who actually reigned over a large territory.” The Popes had long had possessions, indeed, to which feudal services were attached, and from which incomes were derived, but no state which they governed. When Innocent entered upon his pontificate, in 1198, the territories of the Church were all in the hands of strangers. It was his task to bring together the scattered possessions of the Church, to obtain for the authority of the Popes the reverence it claimed. Then followed the strifes with the heads of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. By its very nature the Papacy was aggressive. It sent its agents into all countries; it interfered in all disputes; the consciences of men were in its keeping; political relations, not less than personal acts, were the subjects of its scrutiny and its censure; and it pursued throughout a certain steady line of policy. A grasping, monopolizing power, ever intent on its plans, watching and waiting, it could not but excite distrust and provoke opposition. Hence the incessant interference of foreign nations in Italian affairs, hence the dissensions and the hostilities of Italian states.

The influence of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions was felt in every state, in almost every family, in Italy. The Guelphs, everywhere the democratic party, by asserting their right to interfere in the political relations of the state, threatened the success of the very cause they protected. With the Ghibellines sided the nobles and the great families, eager to secure

their independence and advance their interests by the aid of the Imperialists. Thus nearly all the sovereign rights of the Popes were usurped and exercised by cities and nobles, by monasteries and bishops. Restless, suspicious, and hostile, the inhabitants of Rome inclined to the Ghibelline party, looking upon themselves as the heirs of the great empire of Rome, and entitled to dictate the election of the Emperor who claimed to perpetuate its name.

But the election of the house of Anjou to the throne of Sicily changed the condition of Italy. The Guelphs, ceasing to be a national, became a French party, — that bastard Guelphdom which provoked the bitter hatred of Dante. For seventy years the Papacy was in the hands of France at Avignon. Already, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the free states of Italy were in decay. The tribune Rienzi revived for a moment, by the promise of a well-ordered republic, the remembrance of the ancient glories of Rome. But, unfortunately for Italy, he knew neither how to fight nor how to rule.

That tendency to disintegration, so characteristic of Italy, seemed at the close of the fifteenth century to have seized even the Popes themselves. The aggrandizement of their nephews and sons was their chief anxiety and effort; and this nepotism of theirs combined with the rankest elements of disorder to check the growth of the papal power. But the genius of Julius II. saved it from the ruin to which it was hastening. His skilful measures and his strong will restored its vigor and extended its sphere. It is from him, its third founder, that the Papacy dates one of its most brilliant periods.

In all the ruling nationalities which had been developed in the bosom of the Church, in all parts of Europe, there was observable, toward the close of the fifteenth century, a gradual change from the manners of the mediæval time. And when the transition took place to the modern, the work of the Papacy was done. From that moment it has been, in spite of its fluctuating successes and its apparent bloom, in inevitable decay. The great commonwealth of Europe could have arisen only under the spiritual supremacy of a universal Church. But when the various races which compose it had taken the form of nations, centralized and distinct, emulous each of the other,

while they retained the consciousness, which the Church had implanted, of belonging to one family, they rejected the doctrine of submission to one power, whether ecclesiastical or political. The councils of the Church ceased to be the congresses of nations. Rome followed the centralizing tendencies of the age. By the middle of the sixteenth century the Papal States were wholly subjugated to the Popes, while the actual government of the state was given over to ecclesiastics. Now arose that system of *prelati* which is still the standing abuse of Rome, — a system of absolutism with the Pontiff at its head, — the College of Cardinals being but a passive corporation, charged only with the duty of listening to the allocutions of the Popes it elects. The history of the world does not present a time, says Ranke, in which the clergy were more powerful than at the end of the sixteenth century. Fresh in its strength, untouched by the changes and reckless of the movement of the world, the Church of Rome vigorously and at once took advantage of the declining opposition, of the indifference and the weariness of men, to extend and deepen and perpetuate its power. Thus arose that monstrous spectacle of the return of Catholicism to countries from which it had been banished, of the intellectual enslavement and the moral degradation of Southern Europe.

But it is partly in the character of modern Protestantism also, that an explanation of this calamitous reaction is to be found. In the tyranny of its dogmas and the vindictiveness of its temper Protestantism rivalled the ancient Judaism it replaced. Inexorable, fanatical, the truth it had wrenched from a corrupt theology and a shameless priesthood was to know no alteration, — was to be the one saving element of the world forever. Timorous, distrustful, it was easy for the follower of the Church to fall away from the conclusions of his reason in order to satisfy the cravings of his heart.

Meanwhile, ceaseless, if often silent, the rebellion of European science and culture goes on against the bigotry of the mediæval superstition and the barbarism of the feudal age. There is not a riot or a battle or a treaty, as a late French writer remarks, which is not a proof or an accident of this pitiless war between theological dogmas and philosophical justice.

The French Revolution,—the worship of Reason inaugurated in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, what is it but philosophy in action,—the *Encyclopédie* in the *Moniteur*? The age rejects authority. The progress of the world has not been religious, but scientific; not creative, but revolutionary.

And it is for that very reason that Catholicism still lingers,—still exhibits a strength out of all proportion to the enlightenment of the age. If the question of the Papacy were a religious one, the first tumult in the streets of Rome would put an end to it forever. It is, on the contrary, wholly a political question. Parliaments and priests alike treat it as such. In vain does Passaglia protest that it is not ancient but modern, not of heaven but of earth, not spiritual but carnal,—this doctrine that the majesty of the pontiff is allied with the majesty of the prince, that ecclesiastical depends upon political independence. The Popes, and the sovereigns who rely on the Popes to support and sanctify their despotism, know better. They know, that, if the papal chair be once overturned in Rome, the Papacy, as an agent of modern tyranny, is gone forever; that the superstition in which it finds its strength and its assurance is the last relic of that reverence of the pagan world for Rome which the Church has for so many ages inherited and fostered.

It is in the ignorance which breeds superstition, and in the fear of revolution which torments the soul, that the Church finds its allies and its hope. In periods of turbulent change, there is a craving among men for refuge and for rest. It is in the Church they find it. Outside of the Church, the religious experience of the age is tentative, uncertain, diverse. There is something in the enduring elements of Catholicism to inspire the confidence it claims. It comes down in an unbroken line of tradition from those who were taught of Christ. With singular skill, it has in all ages adapted itself to the religious cravings of men. It is the first to receive the newborn child, the last to leave the dying man; it is ever ready to listen to the cry of remorse, or to consecrate the prayer of penitence. Its promises are of pardon and peace and hope. Its unchanging nature was the cause alike of its success and its decay. The dogmas it proclaimed, like the charities it

established, were for all time, as for all men. And it is as if in mockery of its pretensions, that, obedient to the fates it defied, like all things earthly it is passing away among the shadows.

But while the spiritual government of the Church was dignified and stable, reposing in traditions, the temporal government was fluctuating and uncertain, changing with every new Pope, anxious to alter or improve the work of his predecessor. The pontificates were short, averaging not more than nine years. As a rule, the Popes were distinguished for piety or learning or ability, but unpractised in the affairs of state, often on the brink of the grave, old, sickly, obstinate. Like modern sovereigns, from the time of Sixtus V. (1585-90) they have left nothing to their successors but debts. The conflict ever going on between the ideas of the people and the doctrines of the Church — between constitutional government and absolute power — at last put an end forever to their political aspirations. To maintain themselves in their own possessions, and to exhibit to the world the graceful servitude of a people ruled over by priests, was henceforth their ambition and their aim. But “if the Catholic Church is to be governed by Rome, it will require Rome to be a true image of Catholicism.” As, when Rome became mistress of the world, the world absorbed Rome, so Catholicism will absorb the Papacy, which, no longer Italian, will become European and universal. Such is the dream of the devout in the midst of the *doctrinaires* of progress.

Meanwhile, by virtue of that paganism which still clings to her soil, Italy has remained a stranger to Protestantism, philosophy, revolution, — those three phases of modern progress. In her mediæval as in her modern history, the ancient life is ever reappearing, — the life of cities, with their spectacles and eloquence and art. The Italian republics repeated the glories as well as the abuses of those of Greece. The principalities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries revived the remembrance, while they rivalled the atrocities, of the tyrannies of Sicily. In its antipathy to centralization, Italy has remained faithful to the municipal spirit of antiquity. While the freedom and the simplicity of the Italian republics remained, the ancient ideas guided their life and moulded their

art. But when that fatal change which resulted from the decay of the municipal spirit came over the intellectual condition of Italy, the genial flow of the Italian life was checked, its vitality destroyed. Its inheritance of antiquity lost, there was no power in the intellect or the will of Italy to find another path to another civilization. The Gothic art, with its deep sentiment of the Infinite, could neither be imitated nor understood in Italy. While the Italian organized and enjoyed the republican life, the German developed the chivalry of the Middle Age. The Italian loved his city and his country; his pride was in its success, its wealth, its art. The German adopted an idea, and lived for the knighthood he founded.

The republics of Italy were freer even than the Cantons of Switzerland; but in this very freedom was the vice of their ancient descent. It was not the security of the individual, but the sovereignty of the state, at which they aimed; not to protect the citizen against the government, but, by its complete representation of the people, to strengthen the government against the citizen. In the permanence of its political forms, for centuries after the spirit was gone and the life exhaled, Italy exhibits, more than in any other feature of its character, the influence of the ancient life it has survived.

It was not till Napoleon descended from the Alps, to waste and conquer her soil, that the old condition of Italy was finally terminated, — that republics as ancient as the Consuls, and families which had lived through the fires and tumults of a thousand years, ceased to have an existence or a name. In one day were swept away eighteen centuries of history. The old oracles became silent, says Ferrari; the blood of St. Januarius obeyed the orders of a French general; Italian cathedrals served as stables for French dragoons; and the Goddess of Reason trampled under her feet the altar of Christ and the throne of the Cæsars. The inexorable law of progress, always avaricious of victims, may demand the life-blood of Italy for years to come, as it has for centuries past; but with it goes also, it must be remembered, the superstition which has blasted the earth.

The glory of modern Rome finds its culmination and its type in the age of Leo X. It was an age of marvellous fer-

tility as of unrivalled genius. Breaking away from the narrowness and the gloom of the Middle Age, the minds of men caught the inspiration of the new ideas which floated, as it were in the air, from land to land. The knowledge of the past dispersed the superstition of the present. The study of the old art kindled the new. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if with the forms the religion of antiquity would be revived. True to its instincts, the Italian life displayed again the beauty, the coldness also, of paganism. The reaction from the asceticism and the bigotry of a distorted faith threatened to sweep the world back into that very license of sensualism and mockery from which it had escaped. In a picture painted by Pinturicchio for Alexander VI., the beautiful Giulia Farnese appears as the Virgin, and Alexander himself as the Pontiff who adores her. More than the genius of the artist, the picture illustrates the condition and tendency of the age. From the hypocrisies and the juggleries of ecclesiastics, from the superstitions they had exalted, from the idolatry they had defended, the higher classes were inevitably and forever turning away. On the other side of the Alps, the Reformation filled up the intellectual void, while it supplied the moral wants which followed the destruction of the influence of the Church. But in Italy there was no reformation possible. In the bosom of the Church, which shielded and enriched them, the priests of Rome might laugh at the pomps by which the Church amused the people it enslaved ; but the consciousness of their impotence to alter or destroy the system they despised, left them no resource in the religion they professed. The genial theism of the philosophers and wits, the contemplation of the ancient art, the imitation of the ancient models, the gentler delights or the baser vices of life, were all to which they could resort to task their activity or to relieve their idleness.

Brilliant as was the age of Leo X., its circle was a small one, and was compassed swiftly. The amenities of philosophy will not make up for the want of religion. An age which rests in the one and rejects the other, however fertile its genius or grand its aim or vast its achievements, falls rapidly away from all : its work is done, its vital forces are exhausted. Wearied with its glittering pomps and its vain successes, the new pro-

gress of the world rejects the ideal of unity and uniformity which it was the office of the mediæval Church to proclaim. Once again the world has left the old temples, to embrace a new idea. The spiritual sovereignty it seeks for now has nothing to gain from the recognition of a Constantine or the donations of a Charlemagne. In that broad domain of pure thought into which it is passing from the darkness of materialism and the corruptions of superstition, earthly symbols will no longer displace or extinguish divine realities. Leaving to the law its force, to the temporal power its traditional rights, the true papacy will no longer be of the Church, but of the individual.

In its decay and its gloom Rome symbolizes to-day the change which is going on in the religion it claims to guide. Its temporal power was not essence, but accident, — beginning late and ending as soon as the development of civilization in Europe set it in antagonism with the political pretensions of the Church. Its spiritual power will share the same fate, when the enlightenment of Europe has redeemed it from its superstitions. Already, as you walk the streets of Rome, it is as if there flitted by you the ghosts of the buried ages, — the shadows of the lost empire of the Cæsars and the Popes. In the basilicas, still upheld by the ancient columns and decked with the ancient marbles, the ceremonies of the Church repeat the rites of the temple. The gorgeous tiara of the Pope still glitters on *Corpus Domini*, as in the days when, at the wave of the papal hand, the Catholic world from the Alps to the Andes sank in awe upon its knees. Still, at the elevation of the Host, the vast crowds in St. Peter's sway and bend, and the halberds of the guards come ringing upon the pavement as when Michel Angelo looked upon the pageant for which he designed the costumes. Still, as in the prosperous days of Leo X., the cardinals, in gold embroideries and broad red hats, are driven in their gilded carriages, and bishops walk in processions in cloth of silver, with mitres on their heads. Harlequin lackeys in scarlet and purple and black, and brown-cowled Franciscans, and white Carmelites, and belted Capuchins, with the veiled figures of the penitent *sacconi*, and the midnight torches and crosses crowned with golden ivy; the acolytes wafting incense; the great Madonna figures; the pilgrims with their long staffs

and rosaries; the Carnival, with its tumultuous tossing of flowers and its flashing *maccoletti*, with its mad races and its quaint masquerades; the myriad lights streaming from St. Peter's dome at the going out of Lent, — they come and go as in a dream, to confuse the memory they sadden of that city of Rome which still sitteth upon her seven hills and still looketh out upon the ends of the earth.

Celui que Dieu a touché est toujours un être à part, says Renan. Silent and solitary in his island home, Garibaldi watches and waits for the sounding of the hour in which he is to break the chains of Rome. Silent and solitary also, apart from the tumult of the world it controls, intent to destroy the superstition of which through so many centuries Rome has been the symbol and the centre, watches and works the *spirit of the age*, — with its purer thought and its vaster activity, with its humbler faith and its sweeter rest, — with its vision of the infinite transfiguring the earth.

ART. VII. — CAMBRIDGE AND KINGSLEY ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

1. *Two Years Ago*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
2. *The London Times*.

AMERICA has never yet found time to do full justice to the great tide of feeling which swept over England, when the arrival of Lincoln's Proclamation of January 1st, 1863, convinced millions of Englishmen that the North was sincere in its opposition to slavery, — a fact which before was very seriously doubted. Americans have yet to learn with what deep sympathy their cause is regarded by the *majority* of Englishmen. No one who was present at the great Exeter Hall meeting (January 29, 1863) would speak of *England* as hostile or unsympathizing. Any such censures must be confined to the individuals or classes that really deserve them. It is safe to say that no such demonstration has been made on either side of the Atlantic. Sympathy is not the word. It was a tremendous,

an overwhelming burst of enthusiasm, the like of which has perhaps never been witnessed on an equally imposing scale, or for an equally august cause. The testimony of that meeting, with other testimony which we hope to present hereafter, is enough to justify the broad assertion, that, if the votes of *all classes of Englishmen* were taken to-day, there would be more than three to one in favor of the North.

America should judge England, not from an English standpoint, but from her own ; and, very quietly ignoring the self-elected class-exponents of British opinion, should insist on calling the verdict of the people of England the true voice of the English nation. For that verdict she may confidently wait.

It is perfectly true, nevertheless, that an American might easily travel over England, and come to the conclusion that a large majority was against the North. If he would just obey the simple direction of following the Times newspaper everywhere, he could not fail to come to such a conclusion.

In large cities he would find its influence greatly neutralized by various causes ; but if he be pursued into country-house after country-house by the inevitable sheet, he will be able to understand pretty accurately both where and how much of what is called English public opinion is manufactured.

It is right to say, however, that, upon the whole, the great influence of the "Times" has been well earned, not only by its general ability, its almost incredible liberality to its contributors and correspondents, and the unheard-of prices it pays for important intelligence ; but also by its fearless exposure of wrongs perpetrated by persons high in station or authority, its steadfast opposition to all sinecures and shams, and its inflexible determination to ventilate every subject ; — a habit, which it cannot utterly get rid of, even on the American question : witness the masterly letters of "Historicus," which have done such good service on both sides of the water.

Thus much in excuse for those who accepted its verdict on the American crisis. We presume that its influence is nowhere greater than in the Universities. Let us endeavor to account for this overmastering influence, to combat which would require more originality and independence than most persons possess.

In the "Union Debating Society" of Cambridge, the only one in the University, sixteen copies of the "Times" are taken in. These contain sixteen leading articles, running down everything in the United States; sixteen money articles, detailing the financial collapse in that unhappy country; sixteen letters from "Our Own Correspondent," giving a lamentable picture of the "distracted and despairing multitude," which courtesy alone would name a nation; and occasionally, sixteen letters from "Our Special Correspondent," giving a vivid picture of the scrupulous adherence to constitutional obligation, and the tender-hearted and chivalrous humanity, which are so universal in the Confederate States.

Now when we consider that students read that paper almost exclusively, and read it too, in some instances, with such care that they can discourse on American men and things quite as fluently, and possibly with quite as much real knowledge of the subject, as "our own correspondent" himself, — when we consider all this, can we be surprised if the tide of public sentiment runs so strongly in that seat of learning, that even a Professor of Modern History himself might find it easier and pleasanter to float down it than to stem it? Seeing that these things were so, a friend of ours endeavored to stem the tide, by proposing a debate at the Union on the following subject: "That the cause of the North is the cause of humanity and progress; and that the wide-spread sympathy for the South is the result of ignorance and misrepresentation."

We have only time to notice one thing which seemed to us very characteristic in the two consecutive nights of debate that followed. Not one speaker attempted to defend slavery. The object of all on the Southern side was to prove that slavery had nothing to do with Secession; that the South had seceded because of protective tariffs; that the negro was hated more and treated worse in the North than in the South; that the North were fighting to keep slavery *in* the Union, while the South were fighting to take it *out*; that thus, philanthropically speaking, there was not a pin to choose between the two, except, indeed, that the triumph of the South would render emancipation much more probable than it would be in any other event. On the whole, then, as the Southerners

were gallantly fighting for their independence, and as they were the weaker side, English sympathies should go for the South.

This was the opinion of the majority of the house; the vote taken being one hundred and seventeen to thirty-eight against the motion. It was a somewhat curious coincidence, that, just ten years before, the opener had taken part in a debate in this very Union, which decided, by an overwhelming majority, that the "immediate abolition of slavery in the United States is right, practicable, and politic." He was then one of the opposition, who contended (and it required some moral courage to go even so far as this), that just a little time might be granted for education, &c., the final result being agreed upon by all hands!

Disappointed and surprised at the prevailing tone of undergraduate sentiment, we turned, with well-founded hope, to the lecture-room, as no less a man than Charles Kingsley fills the chair of Modern History. He was just then engaged in the delivery of a course of lectures on the History of the United States down to the present hour, with considerable vaticination as to the future of that unique country. It is a very unusual thing to select a subject immediately connected with contemporaneous and exciting events; but it seemed all the more a timely and manly thing, that Mr. Kingsley should attempt to stem the prevailing current in the University, and set Young England right, by showing it the direction in which a true man's sympathies should be thrown. His position was peculiar. He had thoroughly committed himself, with the most noble *abandon*, to sympathy with the Republican party, and in his "Two Years Ago" had inserted a splendid episode, having nothing whatever to do with the main plot of the story, wherein he gave eloquent utterance to that sympathy. A very brief sketch of this episode will help us, further on, to illustrate and account for Mr. Kingsley's present position.

Marie Lavington is a beautiful slave-girl, whom Tom Thurnall, the hero of the book, has rescued in obedience to the dying prayer of a friend, and conveyed safe to Canada. Full of fire and genius, she becomes an actress, and, under an

Italian name, electrifies New York. Stangrave, a New York *millionnaire*, falls desperately in love with her, and follows her to London. She avows her settled purpose to marry, not a dawdler and *dilettante* fine gentleman, but a hero, — one who, like Sir Galahad, will vow a life-long search for the Holy Grail; and gives him plainly to understand that, for all true Americans, the Holy Grail means justice to the slave. (Chapter IX.) Stangrave hangs back.

“To be called on to act in the slavery question, the one on which he knew — as all sensible Americans do — that the life and death of his country depended, and which, for that very reason, he had carefully ignored till a more convenient season, finding in its very difficulty and danger an excuse for leaving it to solve itself, — to have this thrust on him, and by her, as the price of the thing which he must have or die! If she had asked him for his right hand, he would have given it sooner.”

Half distracted, haunted, moreover, with a terrible suspicion that she has negro blood in her veins, he rushes off to the Continent, and comes at length to Ehrenbreitstein. Here, standing on the “broad stone of honor,” and in full view of the dread panoply of war in “the greatest fortress of the world,” he at last makes up his mind once and forever.

“Yes, Marie was right. Life is meant for work, and not for ease. To labor, in danger and in dread; to do a little good, ere the night comes when no man can work, — this, and not luxurious Broadway, — this, and not the comfortable New England village, — is the type of human life: and this is the model city! Armed industry, which tills the corn and vine among the cannon’s mouths, — which never forgets their need, though it may mask and beautify their terror, but knows that, as long as cruelty and wrong exist on earth, man’s destiny is to do and to suffer, and, if it must be so, to die.”

Two years later the Preface finds him an ardent worker with the Republican party. The loss in 1856 is gain. In 1860 the wisest Englishmen shall no longer have any just cause to complain that the Republican platform is merely negative. A *cordon sanitaire* shall be drawn round the tainted States, and slavery must die.

No one can read “Two Years Ago” without seeing that Stangrave is the mouthpiece of Mr. Kingsley’s thought on

the American question, and that he considered that the course taken by the Republican party was the wisest and best possible, notwithstanding that he foresaw clearly the danger of that course. One must read over again the book itself before he can either completely realize the grand, prophetic tone of the whole, or fully appreciate the feeling toward Charles Kingsley himself with which we entered the lecture-room at Cambridge. Was it really Charles Kingsley who stood there, recanting, amid "much applause," every manly word he had ever uttered on the American question? We will endeavor to give a sample of the spirit of what we heard. We do not vouch for the exact words; we give the sense and substance and spirit of the whole.

"The North herself ought to have broken up the Union in 1850, at the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law." From that moment, the lecturer seemed to imply, nothing but submission was possible; any resistance, any effort even to recover the lost ground, was positively wrong. From that time, his business was to show that the North had been perpetually irritating the South by interference,—interference, it should seem, quite gratuitous and unwarrantable. The hearer found his sympathies going out gradually toward the South, until the climax of secession was reached, concerning which, "though the constitutional right was an open question, yet the moral right was undoubted"! This, of course, was the clinching statement. If the South had a "moral right" to secede, then it was clearly a "moral wrong" on the part of the North to try to prevent it, and from that moment, of course, the whole guilt of the struggle rested upon the North. Even for the interests of the negro himself, it was better to yield, as there was at least a chance of rescuing some of the Territories from slavery by peaceful emigration, while the country and humanity would alike have been spared all these torrents of blood!

"The only men in the United States whose principles he had respected were the Abolitionists. But they had put themselves completely out of court by going headlong into the war, instead of opposing it with all their might."

"War was a worse evil than all the slavery which ever existed since the world began."

The novelist thought otherwise:—

“What if the most necessary art, next to the art of agriculture, be, after all, the art of war? We have forgotten that the history of the world has as yet been written in blood, that the story of the human race is the story of its heroes and martyrs, the slayers and the slain.” *

Charles Kingsley, the preacher, shall also give his testimony. In his “*Sermons for the Times*,” (sermon on Providence,) this passage occurs, in reference to the Crimean war.

“I do not complain of the war. I honor the war. I am none of those who think war sinful. I cannot do so, for I swore at my baptism to fight manfully under Christ’s banner against the world, the flesh, and the Devil; and, if we cannot reach the Devil and his works by other means, we must reach them, as we are doing now, by sharp shot and cold steel.”

That such dread alternative was only too possible in America, the novelist almost prophetically foresees.

“Stangrave,” says Claude Mellot, “can any moderation on your part ward it off? Where there is crime, there is vengeance; and without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.”

The novelist, one sees, could well understand why men who had spoken manful words on behalf of a good cause so long should be the first to fight for it, when the time for fighting came. It appears to be the lecturer’s duty to show, by his own example, how a man may rouse and urge others to make a stand against a giant wrong, and then ingloriously retreat when action, and, if need be, sacrifice, are demanded.

Mr. Kingsley seemed to consider the determination of the slaveholders to force the Missouri Compromise in 1820 perfectly natural, and their determination to break it in 1850 equally so. The “balance of power” imperiously demanded both measures. “Perfectly natural” that Slavery and Freedom should just balance, that God should just hold his own against the Devil! In “*Two Years Ago*,” this had been one of the reasons why Stangrave took no part in American politics.

“To gain place and power on the side of the majority was to lend himself to that fatal policy, which, ever since the Missouri Compromise

* Vol. II. Chap. IX., Tauchnitz edition.

of 1820, has been gradually making the Northern States more and more the tools of the Southern ones." (!)

The lecturer proceeds : —

"With regard to the history of the Kansas troubles, he thought that the question of right and wrong was pretty evenly balanced. There were many acts of violence committed on both sides. Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Governor, had, it is true, written a book in which there were many severe statements. But we must bear in mind, that as yet we had heard nothing from the other side."

Now we in New England had known that it was an heroic thing for peaceable men, who had never used a weapon in their lives, to go down to Kansas from homes in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, for the avowed purpose of consecrating that soil forever to freedom. These men went in what we know was a holy cause, — went accompanied by the prayers and blessings of all the friends of liberty and humanity. And now the chair of History pronounces that their character and conduct was about on a par with that of the border ruffians of Missouri ! But let the novelist answer the Professor : —

"The system [slavery] will die a natural death, if it be prevented from enlarging its field. None know this better than the Southerners themselves. What makes them ready just now to risk honor, justice, even the common law of nations and humanity, in the struggle for new slave territory ? What but the consciousness that without virgin soil, which will yield rapid and enormous profit to slave labor, they and their institution will be ruined ?"

Again : —

"With regard to the knocking down of Mr. Sumner, while he could not justify the act, yet, in palliation thereof, he must say that the speech of Mr. Sumner was one of the most outrageously insulting he ever read."

The Charles Kingsley of other days would, we think, have remembered at least this, — that it required high moral courage to make that speech at all, uttered as it was in the teeth of a determined and reckless majority of men pledged to the support of the slaveholding interest. The cruel wrongs inflicted on Kansas were fresh in his mind, and he felt that a woe was on him, if, in the presence of its sworn and passionate defend-

ers, he did not proclaim aloud the "barbarism of slavery." In "Two Years Ago" we read: —

"They [the slaveholders] do need pity, if any sinners do; for slavery seems to be — to judge from Mr. Brooks's triumph — a greater moral curse and a heavier degradation to the slaveholder himself than it ever can be to the slave."

"No wonder, while such men [the Calvinists] have the teaching of the people, that it is necessary still in the nineteenth century, amid some human beings, for such a man as Mr. Sumner to rebut, in sober earnest, the argument that the negro was the descendant of Canaan, doomed to eternal slavery by Noah's curse!"

And again: —

"Several States had passed Personal Liberty Bills, in direct antagonism with the Fugitive Slave Law."

It must be confessed that the North, law-abiding as it was, did detest the Fugitive Slave Law, carried it out with surly reluctance, and even opposed and thwarted it in every possible way. But could Charles Kingsley find nothing to say in behalf of men who grieved over the sad truth, that a legal right was founded on a moral wrong, — who felt that, though the Fugitive Slave Law was the law of the land, there was a higher law of God above it, which ought to be obeyed before it? Could the author of "Two Years Ago" draw no distinction between men who went so far as even to violate the Constitution in the interests of humanity, and men who violated it a thousand times more grossly in the interests of oppression?

"The last instance of the antagonistic and unconciliating spirit of the North was their refusal to accept the Crittenden Compromise, which might have settled the matter without bloodshed."

How strangely does the verdict of the impartial Chair of History reverse that which men pass upon themselves! Even when war lowered as the certain consequence, men here thanked God that the sorely tempted Congress had stood firm in rejecting it. To accept that compromise would have been to betray their principles, and would have undone all that the grand political triumph had assured, — namely, the consecration of the Territories of the United States forever to freedom.

"Undoubtedly Floyd, who was then Secretary of War, carefully re-

moved the garrisons from the various forts of the United States, situated in Confederate territory. But he did this in the interests of humanity, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Secession was inevitable. It was therefore better to keep clear from collision as far as possible." (!)

Fancy Lord Palmerston sending one hundred and fifty thousand muskets, in the interests of humanity, to an Irish rebellion; and, to avoid bloodshed, removing every soldier from Cork to Dublin!

According to Mr. Kingsley, the uprising of the North, after the fall of Sumter, was "certainly the most unreasonable and unaccountable ebullition of popular feeling" ever heard of.

"The flag of the United States had already been fired at, and the authority of the government openly repudiated, and yet no such manifestation was made. Why, then, any more after Sumter?"

O shameful travesty of the long-suffering patience of a great people! Never was a nation driven to war with such utter reluctance as the United States. The North hoped against hope, that the sober second-thought of the South would arrest it even at the very edge of the gulf of ruin. Secession ordinances were passed, armies levied, batteries raised, and the United States flag insulted and buried with ignominy; even a shot was fired across the bow of a steamer bearing that flag, and yet the North hoped on. But when Sumter fell, all men with a shudder felt that the die was cast, and awful fratricidal war begun.

"As the descendant of slaveholders himself, he eloquently pleaded for a fair judgment, an impartial hearing, on behalf of the slaveholders in the South."

It seemed to one listener, at least, that such an appeal was not strictly needed by the audience actually before him. Those who repeatedly cheered every word he uttered in favor of the Confederates were already in a perfectly pious and charitable state of mind toward those much-abused individuals. The author of "Two Years Ago" asked for justice to the slaveholder, too, but in a spirit how different from that of the lecturer!

"I cannot hate those slaveholders," says Stangrave. "I cannot deny that they are no worse men than I; that I should have done what they

are doing, have said what they are saying, had I been bred up as they have been, with irresponsible power over the souls and bodies of human beings. God! I shudder at the fancy! The brute that I might have been, that I should have been!"

Again, in the Preface:—

"What man among us Northerners can feel, as I do, what these hapless men may have deserved? I who have day and night before me the brand of their cruelty, filling my heart with fire? I need all my strength, all my reason, at times to say to myself, as I say to others, Are not these slaveholders men of like passions with yourself? what have they done which you would not have done in their place?"

The lecturer concluded his appeal by stating that the applause of the world was ready for the Confederates, if they would commence the work of emancipation. They had already taken a step in the right direction, by solemnly prohibiting the reopening of the slave-trade at the very commencement of their political existence!

But finally:—

"Slavery is a thing with which the Southerners alone have anything to do." "It is their business, and must be left to them."

Then we suppose that the African slave-trade is a thing with which African slave-traders alone have anything to do. But if this be so, why, in the name of everything sane, has England hounded on the Northern States for twenty years to do something in the matter? If so, why was "Two Years Ago" ever written? If so, how shamefully did the novelist behave to Stangrave! Here was a man already occupied in doing his duty as hard as he could,—namely, in "letting the South alone," and "leaving slavery to the slaveholders themselves"!—and so unusually fortunate as to find that duty and inclination went pleasantly hand in hand, both alike bidding him lounge round Europe at his ease, amid pictures, music, and statues, and leave the dirty politics at home to take care of themselves. Putting the plain dictates of duty out of the question, he "had no wish to be threatened in Congress with having his Northerner's 'ears nailed to the counter, like his own base coin,' or to be informed that he, with the 17,000,000 of the North, were the 'white slaves' of a South-

ern aristocracy of 350,000 slaveholders." Thus he passed a happy life, his taste gratified, culture advancing, conscience at rest. And yet the novelist coarsely calls this "cynicism," "Epicureanism." Art is his "idol," and "cultivation his substitute for the plain duty of patriotism"! And the "plain duty of patriotism" is — heavens! — to refuse to "let the South alone"; to do the exact opposite of "leaving slavery to the slaveholders themselves," — namely, himself "to be useful to the negro"; to make "abolition the Sangreal in the quest of which he is to go forth"; to do it, too, peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must!

Hear with what soliloquies the novelist stirs up his hero: —

"We boast of our nobleness; better to take the only opportunity of showing it which we have ever had since we have become a nation! Heaped with every blessing which God could give; beyond the reach of sorrow, a check, or even an interference; shut out from all the world in God's new Eden, — God only laid on us one duty, one command, to right one simple, confessed, conscious wrong.

"And what have we done, what have even I done? We have steadily, deliberately cringed at the feet of the wrong-doer, even while we boasted our superiority to him at every point, and at last, for our own selfish ease, helped him to forge new chains for his victims, and received as our only reward fresh insults."

After all this, it may be interesting to record the final vaticination with which the lecturer wound up his course: —

"I seem to see, not two, but four, great empires. First. The Southern Confederacy will inevitably be declared independent. Second. The agricultural interests of the great West will separate her from the East, and Illinois, Iowa, &c. will set up for themselves. Third. California, now left alone, will assert her independence. Fourth. A somewhat singular destiny awaits the industrious, intelligent, and enterprising community of Puritan New England. They will" (we substitute here the American way of putting it for the more euphemistic phrase of the Professor) be "left out in the cold"!

This was the Professor's parting prophecy. He then brought the whole course to a fitting close with the following fresh and striking words: —

"I shall have accomplished all I have wished, if these lectures have

brought home to one young man this vital truth : ' Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man ' ! ”

But enough, and more than enough, of this really sickening business. What malignant fate urged Kingsley to open his lips in this perfectly gratuitous way, — when common decency and self-respect imperiously demanded of him at least to be silent, — and thus give the lie to a noble past, we cannot even conjecture. It remains only to add, that, the very day after we first heard him, we beheld the author of “ Two Years Ago ” at a great dinner, seated, as a compliment, next at table to the author of the “ Fugitive Slave Bill ” ! The compliment was fitly paid !

Have we been unjust ? We fear not. True, the lecturer asked his audience to pity the North a little, remembering how natural it was for men to be exceedingly sore at the sure prospect of losing forever an empire that once had promised to be so colossal ! But not one word was uttered which could have led a man to dream that, five years before, Charles Kingsley had led the van among English sympathizers for the cause of freedom in America.

Charles Kingsley ! you well knew that to resist the advance of American slavery was no child's play. You, at least, were not blind to the awful consequences which might result from the triumph of the Republican party. And yet to this result no English writer contributed more than you. You did all you could to urge us on to this ; and now you desert us at the very moment when we are carrying out what you so vehemently desired, bringing it about in the very way you so ably advocated. You, least of all Englishmen, cannot plead ignorance. You have studied American history. You saw this crisis from afar ; you knew that it was inevitable, and feared that it might be bloody ; and yet your cry was, Onward ! It was you who drew the type of the American hero. With your burning words you stung him into manhood ; with your own hands you knighted him, and bade the fairest of the oppressed race herself buckle on his sword, and send him forth in search of the Holy Grail, — her love his guerdon, and his watchword, God and Liberty. And now it seems his sacred quest was but a fool's errand ; he was only a poor busybody, meddling with

other people's business; for oppression is a matter that concerns no one but the oppressors themselves!

ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν
χωροῦσι παγαί,
καὶ δίκαια πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.*

Charles Kingsley! there is scarce an English writer living whose works have been more widely, more affectionately read in America, than yours. "Yeast" and "Hypatia" have at least as many ardent admirers here as they have in England. And when in "Two Years Ago" you went out of your way to deliver manly testimony on behalf of what then seemed a feeble and suffering cause, — the cause of the American slave, — spoiling a good novel to make a better protest, men felt that they could have prophesied beforehand what side the self-elected champion of the weak and oppressed everywhere would and must take.

When, therefore, the great conflict which you seemed so clearly to foresee actually burst forth in all its fury, there was scarce a man in England whose sympathy was more surely counted on than yours; and when the unwelcome news of the utter alienation of these sympathies began slowly to find its way to America, it was received at first with an incredulity which proof positive converted into simple astonishment and grief.

What is it, then, we ask of you? Simply this: Do not publish your Cambridge Lectures. We ask this, not for America's sake, but for your own. Their publication will not harm her, but will damage you; and will wound and alienate ten thousand hearts who fain would love you yet. Consign them at once to the oblivion which they ought never to have quitted. Then, in happier times, when America's day of agony is over, she may be able to forget that you stood aloof from her, when one word of cheer from your lips would have been most precious, and remember only the Charles Kingsley that she loved, for the sake of the noble stand he once took on the side of suffering humanity.

* Euripides, *Medea*, v. 411.

ART. VIII. — ENGLISH EXPOSITIONS OF NEUTRALITY.

1. *Neutral Relations of England and the United States.* By CHARLES G. LORING. Boston: William V. Spencer.
2. *Our Foreign Relations.* Speech of HON. CHARLES SUMNER before the Citizens of New York, Sept. 10, 1863. Boston: William V. Spencer.

THESE two publications contain — one in the calm style of legal exposition, the other tersely and keenly, as befits a popular address — perhaps the most painful and discreditable chapter in the history of our national trouble. We have purposely refrained from saying much, hitherto, on a topic so full of exasperation and bitterness as the practical interpretation which England has given of the theory and duties of “neutrality.” It was impossible to speak of it without seeming desirous to fan the animosity which we deplored as a serious calamity; or else, at the expense of good faith, to palliate that “disdainful indifference, if not settled hostility,” which (in Mr. Loring’s words) has characterized the present Ministry of Great Britain. “The civilized world,” he adds, “is already looking upon the spectacle with indignation, and the honest-hearted English people, when once aroused to a comprehension of the truth, will behold with grief and shame the indelible page thus written in their country’s history.”

That page will tell how, from the first moment of this nation’s struggle, it was eagerly assumed by the governing classes in England that the struggle must be hopeless; that, acting on this indecent assumption, the British Ministry subjected our Ambassador, on the very morning of his arrival, to the singular affront of finding in the newspapers that a proclamation of “neutrality” had been issued, and the prestige of “belligerent rights” had been accorded to the Southern rebellion, for which struggling Greece waited six years, which independent Hungary besought in vain, and heroic Poland has fought these nine months without obtaining; that every subsequent interpretation of that “neutrality” and those “belligerent rights” has been strained to favor the insurrection and to dishearten and paralyze the nation; that, when possible inter-

vention has been spoken of, it has always been assumed that it must be in the interest of Secession, and against the life of the Republic; that when our government sought to avert some of the worst atrocities of war by accepting the convention which abolished privateering, it was suffered to conduct negotiations to that end for nearly three months, and then, at the moment before the final formalities of signature, was notified that the "belligerent right" of the seceded States to prey on our commerce was already conceded, and could not be infringed upon; that when a storm of popular fury, threatening instant war, had arisen out of what proved to be a pure misunderstanding, the same Ministry suppressed for a month the easy explanation which would have made all calm and clear; that, having thus uttered or permitted the most deadly threats for an unintended trespass on neutral privileges, it afterwards permitted, without remonstrance, the wholesale destruction at sea of British property in American ships, by privateers fitted out in their own ports, manned with their own subjects, armed with their own guns, and illegally using the British flag to decoy our friendly commerce, lest perchance some "belligerent" privilege of doing us damage might be diminished; that, having suffered the "Alabama," through the sloth of one officer and the indisposition of another, to get clear on its piratical voyage, it claimed merit by the additional mockery of warning her off from Queens-town and Nassau, leaving her free to recruit at Kingston, Trinidad, and Cape Town, and to burn her prizes in the British waters of St. Simon's Bay; and, finally, that all this has been done under loud professions of "neutrality," amid great assumptions of merit for not showing us open hostility, and with the applause, not only of politicians and speculators in piracy, but of men of letters, who bend lame law, loose logic, false facts, and cheap casuistry to the task of convincing us that we ought to be sincerely grateful for these expositions of neutrality.

And, in a measure, we are grateful for them. Things might surely have been worse. Mr. Forster, M. P., who has said many noble words for us, and who urges that, "as far as the action of the country is concerned, the Americans have little or no reason to find fault," testifies that "he has felt, when he advocated a neutral policy, that he had not got the feeling of the

House on his side"; and says that the "Government has resisted the notoriously strong pressure on the part of France to depart from strict neutrality, and recognize the South." * It is some comfort to know that the Rebel envoy, for whose arrest on board the "Trent" the British nation, less than two years ago, were ready to fly into war, has found it desirable to withdraw to Paris. It is still more satisfactory to know that his departure was hastened by the course of the English Cabinet in refraining from the further crime and infamy of permitting the "steam rams" to sail from Liverpool, — not, as the "Times" is careful to urge, that such permission would be either a dishonor, or an offence to true neutrality, but that it would be likely to have inconvenient consequences, since Great Britain may hereafter be in the position of a belligerent, and other powers would be likely to take note of such occurrences. Possibly a prudent respect to Russia, possibly a jealousy of France, — which last is strongly indicated in Mr. Forster's speech just quoted, — may have something to do with the reviving sense of the duties of neutrality. Possibly the hints of a new Catholic league under the auspices of the third Napoleon, and of "the rehabilitation of the Latin races" in a desperate crusade against the North, may have stirred some dim reminiscence of a feeling, so strong five years ago, that England and America are natural allies, and their destinies, for weal or woe, cannot be long separate; and possibly may prepare the way for that restoration of good feeling which we have never looked on as quite impossible. To the noble augury of it in that manifestation of feeling, last winter, which proved that, after two years of miserable misunderstanding and reproach, the great heart of the English people was with us in our struggle, we gave a brief but cordial recognition some months ago.* It is our hope shortly to present the testimony — full, direct, and personal — which may do fair justice to that grand display of popular sentiment. At present, and in introduction to it, we desire to say a few words on the circumstances which helped to bring about the great and all but fatal misunderstanding. At this distance of time, and

* Speech at Leeds, of September 21.

† See *Christian Examiner* for March, 1863.

with the better hope of the future now existing, we can view them patiently; and a review of them may be an aid, not only in explaining the mistakes of the past, but in accepting the duties which the coming time may bring.

It is well for us to remember, then, that, at the first outbreak of the rebellion, the English public were taken by surprise. All the great industrial interests were startled, and the leading statesmen felt uneasy. The threats of the South had been regarded as the ebullition of excited partisanship, or the old game of Southern intimidation. Even after Charleston had thrown down the gauntlet, and South Carolina had defied the Federal authority, English writers did not look to actual disunion. The sages at Printing-House Square thought the Southerners "in time would cool down from the bluster so profusely used in electioneering," and told their readers it was impossible the Southern States should maintain, in the face of the world, so strong a position as they now held as members of the great American confederacy; the wise and cool heads of the South "would think better of it, and turn their activity into the more practical currents of providing Mr. Lincoln with a Democratic successor in 1864." But the hot haste of the Cotton States precipitated events, and both the British press and statesmen were confronted with the fact of threatened war. Then public opinion ripened very fast. The leaders, almost at a single bound, jumped to the conclusion that the separation would be lasting. As early as April 9th, 1861, Mr. Dallas writes to Mr. Seward that "English opinion tends rather, I apprehend, to the theory that a peaceful separation may work beneficently for both groups of States, and not injuriously affect the world." The leading British statesmen regarded separation as a foregone conclusion, and the policy of the government was shaped in anticipation of that event. And Sir John Bowring writes to an American friend, November 7th, 1861: "I never knew a question in which there was so much unanimity of views among our wise and good men as this. We want you, as freemen, as philosophers, as statesmen, as Christians, to settle in peace what war will never settle."

A dispassionate observer is not surprised at the difficulties which beset an English statesman when he tries to understand

the real principles that underlie the American struggle. Accustomed to shape his foreign policy on the basis of European precedents, familiar with a continent on which rival nations exist side by side, and constantly pressed with the question of balance of power in arranging foreign treaties, it is natural he should regard rather with complacency than alarm the prospect of half a dozen petty confederacies developing into so many independent nationalities. Speak to him of the settled conviction of the North respecting the Union, — a conviction wrought into the minds of millions by the most sacred ties of tradition, national pride, personal ambition, the dictates of self-interest, and the inspirations of patriotism, — speak to him of the intensity with which this exists, having all the features of an abiding passion, and he ridicules it. Tell him that the swarming millions who are now reducing the virgin prairies, and making of the great central American valley one of the chief granaries of the world, will give to another nation the control of the mouth of the Mississippi only “when the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, which form the eastern and western walls of the imperial valley, shall sink to the level of the sea, and the Missouri and Mississippi shall flow back to their fountains,” he may accept your rhetoric and smile at your earnestness, while he quietly points to the Danube and the Rhine as touching several powerful empires. Hence, when the news of the universal uprising reached Printing-House Square and Downing Street, editors and politicians were astounded. “How absurd,” they exclaimed, “to pour out so much blood and waste millions on an abstraction !”

Then, again, American opinion in Europe strongly drifted in the currents of Secession. Southern politicians had taken care to have the chief consulates in the hands of their friends. Lord Lyons mingled in circles at Washington where treason was openly avowed. The statesmen whom he had been accustomed to see at the heads of department, or in Congress, shaping the legislation of the country, — the politicians who moulded parties and wielded the executive patronage, — these were either avowed Secessionists or coquetted with the South ; Mr. Buchanan parleyed with the Confederate Commissioners, and gave signs of weakness ; — these facts and the unofficial

conversations with men who, yet retaining office, were plotting the destruction of the government, were the materials of which he wove his despatches to Downing Street. Beside all this, the policy of the incoming administration was uncertain. Even after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration the press teemed with rumors that the Washington Cabinet was discussing the policy of withdrawing the Federal forces from Charleston. It was uncertain how far the Northern Democracy would go in support of the government. The Secession leaders counted to a large extent on their sympathy and friendly co-operation. Mayor Wood had the audacity to suggest the secession of New York city from the State. The "Herald" was trimming sail, ready to shift North or South, just as the popular breeze blew most powerfully. Mr. Russell wrote to the "Times," that men had lost faith in republican institutions, that New York cared for nothing but the dollar, and its merchants were more eager for a profitable trade with the South than zealous to uphold the nation. All these events were regarded in England as unmistakable signs of the breaking up of the great Republic of the West. It was a picture which the aristocracy could gaze on without reluctance. Calling to mind the triumphant air with which Mr. Bright, in advocating an enlargement of the ballot, had pointed to the prosperity and wonderful growth of the United States as an illustration of the benefits reaped by a more extended suffrage, the Tory press saw, in the tumbling of the democratic fabric, the refutation of his argument and the falsehood of his prophecy. "See," they cried, "the failure of republican institutions!" And we cannot deny that such words seemed but too plausible then.

Moreover, the interests of trade took alarm the moment an appeal to arms was probable. "The terrible reality of the civil war in America flushes up," so that the Times tells its readers that they must "lay aside their sympathies," and, on account "of the enormous interests at stake, remember that charity begins at home." While deploring the catastrophe, "our first thought must necessarily be given to its commercial effects." At Liverpool, men asked, What can Lancashire do without Charleston? The passage of the "Morrill Tariff" added to the wide-spread consternation. By this act twenty

millions sterling of British products were in danger of exclusion from Northern ports. What would be done with the nearly four millions' worth of cutlery useless at Birmingham? Sheffield, South Staffordshire, and Wolverhampton were in dismay. How shall we find work for the four millions of cotton operatives? When we remember the extent and magnitude of the interests at stake, we see at a glance that the passage of the new tariff bill must have been regarded in England with great disfavor. The free-traders were enraged. On the other hand, the Southern emissaries promised to open their ports to English products in exchange for cotton. Mr. Yancey, stoutly denying that he had advocated the reopening of the foreign slave-trade, adroitly tried to make Liverpool think that the real question at issue was tariff and free-trade. The Times, now the partisan of the South, shouted, "The North has manacled the country with the fetters of protection." The old anti-tariff speeches of Southern free-traders were brought forward, and the slaveholders in London maintained that the real aim of the North was to coerce the South, and grow rich by a monopoly of trade. England was at that time in a mood to be powerfully influenced by these considerations, and to jump at hasty conclusions concerning the real questions in the controversy.

Then, again, the antislavery party in England occupied at first the position which Garrison and Phillips had assumed before the war was actually begun. They remembered that Abolitionists had been mobbed at the North,—that the prejudice against the negro was as intense and wide-spread as it was unjust and ungenerous. They pointed to the emphatic declaration of Mr. Lincoln, that he would enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, and scrupulously guard the constitutional rights of slavery. They saw the resolves of Congress, and knew the evident disposition of a majority to buy back the South, by additional guaranties to the safety of "the peculiar institution." All this sapped their faith in the sincerity and genuine love of freedom of the North. The Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared in Parliament, and repeated in public speeches, that the contest was for independence on the one hand and empire on the other. Lord Brougham, whose

stirring words in the antislavery cause will live as specimens of British eloquence, unmindful of the principles underlying this struggle, also ignored the question of slavery, and joined in friendly but earnest entreaties to his American friends to put an end to this "unnatural and miserable war."

This neutral temper, verging on unfriendliness, was confirmed by the tone of the American press. When the proclamation of neutrality reached this country, the people were in the full glow of patriotic fervor. The universal uprising of the North awakened the most ardent confidence. The rebellion, it was thought, would soon be crushed. The public pulse beat with high expectation. When it was announced that the English government had extended a *quasi* recognition to the South, the American press replied in angry and defiant words. Foolish things were said about our ability to "encounter a world in arms." New York journals speculated on the value of Quebec and Montreal to the United States. At once the Rebel agents fanned the flame. They spread the reckless and boastful threats of the newspapers before the British public, as an indication of the prevalent feeling at the North. In turn they sent back rumors of the intention of England to break the blockade. The unofficial meeting of Mr. Yancey and his colleagues with the Foreign Secretary was interpreted as a sign of speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Subsequently, at the defeat of Bull Run, came the sharp and irritating criticism of a portion of the British press. Hot words went to and fro; calm and thoughtful men feared we were on the verge of a foreign war. Mr. Seward's circular to the Governors, recommending the defence of the coast and northern border, was read in London as a threat, and his somewhat sharp correspondence with Lord Lyons increased, instead of allaying, the soreness. Thus opinion in England was ripe for an outbreak, when the report of the detention of the Trent and forcible seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell was received. At once the suspicion arose that the act was an intentional insult. The seizure, it was said, was prearranged in Washington, and Mr. Seward was represented as desirous to pick a quarrel with England, that he might have an excuse for abandoning a struggle he saw to be hope-

less, and letting the South go. The government fell in with the universal current of popular passion. The national armories and dock-yards resounded with the din of preparation. Troops and military stores were despatched to Canada, and the people who, a short time before, were so shocked at the idea that a young, proud, and powerful republic should pour out its best blood for its very existence, were ready, for a supposed insult to their flag, to cry out for war. But this saturnalia of excitement was brief, and the affair, on the whole, ended in a decided advantage to the North. Many fallacies were stripped from the popular mind. This period may be regarded as the culmination of anti-American feeling. The tide changed. Mr. Adams writes to Mr. Seward, that "the mind of the government of Great Britain and the nation is somewhat disabused of the very unjust idea that this government entertains sentiments of hostility towards them." He also adds: "I have reason to believe that the *casus belli* in the Trent affair has proved a most serious obstacle in the way of all the calculations made by the party disposed to sow dissensions between the two countries."

We have thus traced, very briefly, the course of events that led to so deep and bitter alienation of feeling between two great and kindred nations. We have no disposition to conceal that there was fault on both sides; and are as ready frankly to acknowledge what was wrong here, as calmly to allow for whatever may excuse or at least account for the wrong on the other side. The circumstances we have mentioned show how natural it was for the English nation to think our contest was a hopeless one, and even to wish it so. They help us see how the tone of impatience and irritation was hardly to be avoided, in view of the surprise, the inconvenience, the obscure dread of the future, which such a war carried with it. They justify, probably, the attitude of the most scrupulous neutrality, so far as that means withholding any actual help, by word or act, to either party in the contest, — one in which the pride of the nation, whose fortunes were at stake in it, so strongly resents the meddling of any foreign umpire. But they do not justify the tone of discourtesy and disdain which was suffered to infect the language of diplomacy. They do not justify the

wilful disparagement and misunderstanding of the struggle, so marked in the prevalent style of English criticism, and so admirably answered in the clear and intelligent statement of the points at issue made from the first by such men as Professor Newman and Mr. Mill. They do not justify the eager abandonment of the old faith in liberty, and the ostentatious avowal of new sympathies and defences for human slavery. Still less do they justify the strange and unfriendly interpretation which the English nation has chosen to give of its chosen attitude of neutrality. For its exposition of the rights of neutrals, England has left on record the case of the Trent; for its exposition of the duties of neutrals, the case of the Alabama. She had not the magnanimity to seize the critical time, and by a wise and generous course make fast friends of a strong nation in its trial: she had not the bold and frank wickedness to strike a blow where she might have done it with some show of cause, and so crippled the right arm of our strength perhaps for generations. Like the Samnite commander at the Caudine Forks, she chose the middle course, — to irritate without disarming, and to insult where she would not kill. But we remember in her favor the noble words of some of her foremost men, and the pathetic fidelity of her suffering multitudes to their faith in liberty and their good-will to the cause of the Republic. In Earl Russell's late speech at Blairgowrie, we are glad to recognize a voice truer and friendlier than we have been accustomed of late to hear from places of authority in Great Britain; we accept, in preference to Mr. Lindsey's denial, his assurance that the great majority of Englishmen are for us, and not against us; and, with the passing away of that last most irritating suspicion of bad faith in the matter of Laird's steam-rams, we will hope that the time of a better mutual understanding is already come.

Earl Russell's speech is an ingenious vindication of the attitude and policy of the Cabinet in which his own part has been so prominent. In some points it is a clear and forcible statement of those rights and duties of neutrality which England has seemed in especial danger of forgetting. It is very timely and skilful, as an address to prepare the public mind for a policy at once more friendly and more resolute than we

have looked for hitherto. In some respects it is not quite worthy of the occasion or the man. It was not for Earl Russell — a man trained in the politics of the last fifty years — to speak of the Secession conspiracy as “the uprising of a community of five million people.” Considering the circumstances of the case, it was hardly for him to apologize for “the mere fact of rebellion” by historical precedents that suggest a lurking sympathy with its cause. With the whole later history of the Alabama, the Florida, the Georgia, and the Nashville, as the world knows it, the real complaint — that British ports are still suffered to be the naval base of operations against a friendly power, and that captured ships, without the sentence of any prize court, are suffered without remonstrance to be burnt on the open sea — is pitifully evaded by the admission, that “we allowed a ship to leave the port of Liverpool which afterwards committed depredations on their commerce.” And surely the minister who was party to the singular mixture of violence and concealment that characterized the Trent diplomacy has little right to attack the warning speech of Mr. Sumner as “tending to the bloody end of war between these two nations.” We also censure Mr. Sumner’s rhetoric; but we fear his real offence is in his facts. Let these facts, if possible, be explained, or fit reparation made through friendly negotiation; at least, it is neither wise nor right that they should be forgotten. Meanwhile, we accept the motive and temper of Earl Russell’s speech as ominous of good. And we respond cordially and frankly to such sentences as these, which we are glad at this time to copy from such a source: —

“Let us recollect that we are descended from the same ancestors; that we have the same inheritance of freedom; that many of our institutions are identical; that thus united, having the same spirit of law, having the same spirit of literature, having the same spirit of freedom, we ought, when this unhappy contest is over, to embrace one another as friends; and that we in the Old World, and they in the New, ought to be the lights to promote the civilization of mankind.”

ART. IX. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

It is well said by Mr. Gillett, in the Introduction to his voluminous history,* that the earlier Reformation in Bohemia has been unduly obscured in the splendor of interest and achievement belonging to the religious revolutions of the sixteenth century. But his words imply too much, if they mean that the world has been indifferent to the name or fate of him who has, perhaps, the purest as well as most tragic fame of all the great Reformers. The noblest historical picture that has been seen in this country — we are almost ready to add, or in Europe either — simply concentrates and renders vivid what we suppose to be as widely felt an interest as is apt to be felt in any actor on a scene so remote. And though the details of that story have not till now been spread before us on a scale proportionate to those of Luther or of Orange, yet we have to look back to the fifty pages of Milman, or the brief outline usually accorded to the Council of Constance, to realize how much was needed to bring our knowledge up to the scale of our sympathy and our understanding. All students of that premature but heroic effort to put the claims of conscience above the authority of the visible Church, have occasion to thank the author of these volumes for his faithful and painstaking labor.

For a book of popular interest, Mr. Gillett has made his work too large. An historical student of those times requires the documentary evidence in full for the sake of the facts, and the philosophical student needs them for the light they throw on the laws of opinion and the motives of human conduct. Such will not only pardon, but be grateful for, the length at which the points brought before the Council are set forth, and for the patience with which the earlier movements of thought in Bohemia are exhibited. But we do not find, as in the "*Rise of the Dutch Republic*," that the book is its own justification. It is far from having the nerve, the fire, the easy handling and vivid presenting of the mass of details that go to make the history, which require and vindicate so voluminous a work. It would do better service, probably, with half the bulk. And, with the majority of readers, this is a serious evil. It seems to us, also, that it errs by disproportion of parts; giving too much space to the details which interest the biographer, or more specially the theologian, and too little to the historical movement at large, and to the episodes which mark that cruel and devastating revolution wrought in Bohemia. Still, it is better to accept than criticise the plan which a diligent and zealous author has had in view. The interest of the main subject makes the partial mistake of less account.

Among the points which will attract the general reader, we would mention the striking sketch which is given of Bohemia in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and of its noble capital, Prague, as one of the

* *The Life and Times of John Huss*; or, *The Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century*. By E. H. GILLETT. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. 2 vols.

chief centres of European art and culture, with the wise munificence of the Emperor Charles IV., to whom it was the chief imperial seat; the early incidents in the life of Huss, showing how a certain ascetic temper, and a sympathy almost morbid with the spirit of the early martyrs, prepared him for the singular part he was to play in the great revolution of religious thought; the details of the trial, as showing the topics and style of his fearless charges on ecclesiastical corruption; and the clear though too rapid survey which is made of the events of nearly two and a half centuries, closing with the great desolations inflicted in the Thirty Years' War. The martyrdom of Huss himself, and of his companion, Jerome of Prague, extend a considerable space into the second volume.

Hardly any period of human history, in the general view taken of it, has seemed one of tragedy so unrelieved as that noble effort at religious independence in the fifteenth century, which sprang out of the corruption and division of the Church, and was crushed by the remorseless spirit of that corruption, and the efforts at compromise to bridge over that division. But the unscrupulous betrayal of Huss to his persecutors was a crime that not only avenged itself in the storm of war which burst upon Bohemia, but rankled in the conscience of Germany for more than a century, and had its full share in nerving the great spirits of the Reformation to their task. Not only, by its seeming impunity and triumph, it encouraged that lewd and insolent temper in the Papacy which proved at length its ruin, but by the spirit of pathetic and noble fidelity it displayed, and the singular interest that clung to the story, it persuaded the hearts of men, both that the overthrow of spiritual tyranny was needed, and that the work was service and sacrifice to the God of truth. And the writer of the work before us deserves the gratitude of the public, by his attempt to place that earlier Reformation, with the points of great religious interest contained in it, in as clear and full a light as we have been accustomed to in those more famous events which were needed to develop its true importance.

MR. BEECHER does not appear to his best advantage in a printed volume. With some of the very highest merits as platform oratory, his style has some of its worst defects, — being turgid, diffuse, and manneristic to a degree quite unpardonable for the reader who only sees him in the coolness of the blood. The splendid rhetorical gifts, the voice and presence, the histrionic skill, the infinite and changeable vitality, the keen appreciation of the temper of an audience, the ready wit to take advantage of it, above all, the magnetism of the real occasion itself, are all wanting. Paper and type tell less than half; and that, far the less brilliant and impressive part.

The new volume of sermons,* caught many of them hastily as they were uttered, and printed in the next morning's newspaper, or else taken from a series published at the rate of two a week for months or even years together, have, naturally, only such literary merit as belongs to the chance words of a bold, able, and popular religious orator; and

* *Freedom and War: Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times.* By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

such other merit as comes from the events into which they are poured. The sermon style, with the textual matter that makes the preface of most of them, are simply an encumbrance. We do not go to a volume on "Freedom and War" for our pious reading or our Scripture exegesis. The reader skims half the bulk of matter as he can, to come at the pith and marrow. One thing he seeks in the book, and one thing he finds, — the phase of the public events of the last four years that struck and was reflected successively in the speaker's mind. In this single view the book has an undoubted value. There is also something more, which is implied in this, — fruitful hints and glimpses as to points of public policy, and a manly, patriotic, Christian manner of speech in dealing with them. Any well-thought system of public policy — even consistency of opinion in treating such as do occur — it would be unreasonable to look for and unjust to demand. As a specimen of the style, we copy the following from the Discourse entitled "The Battle set in Array," preached April 14, 1861:—

"There has been a spirit of patriotism in the North; but never, within my memory, in the South. I never heard a man from the South speak of himself as an American. Men from the South always speak of themselves as Southerners. When I was abroad, I never spoke of myself as a Northerner, but always as a citizen of the United States. I love our country; and it is a love of the country, and not a love of the North alone, that pervades the people of the North. There has never been witnessed such patience, such self-denial, such magnanimity, such true patriotism, under such circumstances as that which has been manifested in the North. And in the South the feeling has been sectional, local. The people there have been proud, not that they belong to the nation, but that they were born where the sun burns. They are hot, narrow, and boastful, — for out of China there is not so much conceit as exists among them. They have been devoid of that large spirit which takes in the race, and the nation, and its institutions and its history, and that which its history prophesies, — the prerogative of carrying the banner of Liberty to the Pacific from the Atlantic." — pp. 93, 94.

It is a principle of collectors and relic-hunters, that every scrap of a great man's writing is intrinsically precious. Only on this principle can the volume of Voltaire's hitherto unpublished letters, which the Junior Coquerel* has so carefully prepared and edited, be regarded as valuable. Of the one hundred and twenty-eight letters in this volume, not one would have any special worth, if written by anybody else. Nearly all are mere slight notes, confined to matters of fact, neither wise nor witty. Most of them are occupied with the affair of the Calas family, which has already been abundantly treated by M. Coquerel in a previous volume. There is no discussion of "Toleration," and the title in this regard is quite misapplied. Only in a few of the letters does the sceptical and mocking spirit of the great foe of the Church appear, and there is a singular absence of his peculiar sarcasm. In the thirty-ninth letter he pleasantly says that he knows that the Protestants will "all be

* VOLTAIRE. *Lettres Inédites sur la Tolerance*. Publiées avec une Introduction et des Notes par ATHANASE COQUEREL Fils, Auteur de Jean Calas et sa Famille. Paris: J. Cherbuliez. 1863. 12mo. pp. xii. and 308.

damned in the next world, but that it is not just that they should be persecuted in this world"; and in the fifty-first letter he remarks, that one may insult the *human race* without any risk, since no one will take the insult to himself, but that it is not safe to attack any particular sect. Two or three such observations as these are all that redeem the volume from dulness.

As a "justifying" Appendix to his story of John Calas, M. Cœquerel has, perhaps, done well in publishing this volume. It proves conclusively that the interest taken by the philosopher of Ferney in the fortunes of the martyr of Toulouse was not feigned and not selfish; that the vindication of the memory of Calas, and the restoration of the family to their rights, were mainly owing to the exertions of this unexpected friend. In no circumstance of his life does Voltaire appear to more advantage than in the zeal, the skill, and the persistence which he brought to this obscure matter. One new character, however, the volume introduces to notice, — the Protestant minister Paul Moulton, upon whom the Biographical Dictionaries, even in their latest editions, are strangely silent. A remarkable article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March, 1862, by Saint-René Taillandier, had excited our curiosity to learn more of this hitherto unknown friend of religious freedom. In this volume we find that Paul Moulton was prized by Voltaire for a long series of years as a philosopher, a scholar, a noble man, and a true friend. He is addressed always with more than politeness, — with affection, respect, and admiration. Though not a rationalist in the modern sense, and retaining to the end his Evangelical faith, he becomes in these revelations of Voltaire (and, we may add, of Rousseau), a prominent pioneer of the liberal theology of the nineteenth century.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

To collate the manuscripts of Petronius was a fitting task for the scholar who has determined for us the age in which he lived. All that the libraries of Europe afford in the way of material for the restoration of the text of Petronius — so long obscure and corrupt — has been brought together and arranged by Dr. Beck, with that careful research and that masterly skill which have placed him among the best scholars of the age. And though there may be but few competent to appreciate his work, it becomes us all in the interest of letters to applaud it. For it is only thus, by scientific investigation, by unwearied effort, not by flippant criticism or dogmatic assertion, that any advance is to be made in knowledge, — any new ground won from that great sea of oblivion which forever threatens all earthly things. It remains for Dr. Beck but to finish and crown his labors by an edition of Petronius which shall embody at once the results of his researches and his criticism. In all the Roman literature there is no work like the *Satyricon* of Petronius. With the exception of the *Metamorphoses* of Apulejus, — not for a mo-

* The Manuscripts of the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter described and collated, By CHARLES BECK. Cambridge, Mass., U. S. Printed at the Riverside Press. 1863.

ment to be compared with it, — it is the only prose fiction — that is, the only novel, in our sense of the word — which has come down to us from Rome. And a novel it is, very ingenious and very able, running over with wit and humor, — a vivid picture of the ancient life, a startling proof of the corruption of the ancient morals. "In its silver Latinity it reminds me of Seneca," says Bernhardt; while in its mingling of the many varieties of character which made up the Roman life it is unique in Roman literature. No work that has survived to us so blends the polished talk of Rome with the vulgar dialect of the people, or contains so many words drawn, not from the schools, but from nature.

From their early and frequent intercourse with the East, with that great Oriental world, so mysterious and so ancient, at once a fascination to them and a terror, the Greeks must have learned to invent, — must have caught the passion to relate. Prose novels, we know indeed, existed among the Ionians, and, we may reasonably suppose, were not uncommon among the other Greeks. But the Roman mind was slow, uninventive. A novel is a work of art, and the Roman was not an artist. There were poets, indeed, and historians and philosophers, but the creative mind was wanting to the Roman people. There was a love of letters, a delight in art; but it was to be found among those who had studied in the schools of Athens and were imbued with a taste for the literature of Greece. It is, therefore, as a Latin novel, a picture, as Dr. Beck felicitously remarks, "of the manners and life of his time, painted with unrivalled fidelity and skill," that the *Satyricon* of Petronius will ever interest or instruct us. As Pope has written of him, —

"Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease."

But the more vivid the picture, the more deeply do we regret the want of all knowledge of the master hand that painted it.

Of the man Petronius, and of the period in which he lived, we know nothing whatever, except what may be gathered from the character of his work or from scattered allusions in it. There is indeed a passage in the *Annals* of Tacitus (XVI. c. 16 – 20) which describes admirably such a person as we may suppose our author to have been, — Petronius also by name, — a finished Epicurean such as no civilization but the ancient could produce and no city but Rome exhibit, expensive in his tastes, yet not wasteful of his resources, polished in his manners and speech, with a turn for trifles, yet never frivolous, passing his days in sleep and his nights in pleasure, yet when stirred to a display of energy governing a province with the best of them, and then relapsing into his old habits of luxury and ease, with a sneer, we may fancy, at his own success or the emptiness of human ambition. A favorite at court, this accomplished Epicurean, admitted by all to be the *arbiter* * of taste and elegance, became the companion of Nero in his most private and most depraved hours. "Without the sanction of Petronius," says Tacitus, "nothing was exquisite, nothing rare or delicious."

* Whence the appellation Petronius Arbiter.

But the smiles of imperial favor were at Rome too often found only to gild the way to ruin. A rival, — a false accusation, — and the gayest courtier fell a victim to the fury or the jealousy of the despot. With graceful unconcern, conversing with his wonted ease, Petronius opened his veins, and in his last moments, with gay effrontery, sent to the Emperor a short satirical romance, in which, under the fictitious names of certain profligate men and women, he described the debauchery of Nero and his new modes of vice, — a narrative which has been maintained by the majority of scholars to be the work which we now possess.

But the best criticism has finally rejected the identity of the Petronius of Tacitus and the author of the *Satyricon*. The uncertainty, however, in which we have thus been left, has been a fruitful source of speculation and controversy. By some writers our author has been assigned to the age of Augustus, by others condemned to that of Constantine, — a range of three hundred years. Misled by an inscription found at Rome, Niebuhr, in the intoxication, as Bernhardt remarks, of a poetic conception, will deposit him in the age of Severus, not later than A. D. 250. But the very careful and erudite inquiry which has been instituted by Dr. Beck, without prejudice and without a theory, in the fairest spirit of critical research, guided by a method as severe as it is exhaustive, may be considered to have put at rest the question of the age of Petronius, — to have settled, as far as such a difficult point can be settled, not beyond doubt, but with a high degree of probability, that the *Satyricon* of Petronius was written between the years A. D. 6 and A. D. 34; that is, during the last eight years of the reign of Augustus or the first twenty-one of that of Tiberius. The historical evidence points distinctly to that period as the time in which Petronius lived and wrote, and the great body of linguistic evidence strongly corroborates the historical. As we now possess it, the work is very incomplete: both the end and the beginning are wanting. The part left, according to Dr. Beck, is probably not more than one tenth of the whole work. How the loss of so much of it occurred is unknown, but that it happened at a very late period — probably between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries — there can be little doubt. A fragment of the work discovered at Tragurium in Dalmatia in 1663 served in part to repair the loss. And various efforts have been made since to supply us with the whole work. A French officer by the name of Nodot published in 1693, at Rotterdam, a pretended Petronius complete, which he said had been found at Belgrade, and the fraud imposed for a time upon the Academies of Nîmes and Arles. In 1800, also, a Spaniard by the name of Marchena attempted to divert himself with the invention of a fragment which he pretended to have found in the library of St. Gall.

As to the literary merits of Petronius there can hardly be a diversity of opinion, whatever weight we may allow to the severe criticism of Schlosser upon the moral character of his work. The favorite alike of courtiers and monks, of scholars and statesmen and wits, its genial humor, its careless Epicurean graces, its delicate irony, its jests never

uninstructive, its wisdom never serious, have conspired to charm also, if in an unconscious way, that grosser multitude that is drawn to it only by the spectacle of the vices it ridicules. In other nations and in other ages, but always at periods of great corruption, there have appeared writers like Petronius, not so offensive it may be in language, but not less ingenious in painting the depravity they despised or shared. In the best days of Italy in art, which were, perhaps, her worst in morals, we are reminded by Schlosser of Pietro Aretino. With the excesses of an overgrown despotism and the license of a reckless scepticism, there came in France the sharp satire of Voltaire and the putrid materialism of Diderot. But to judge rightly of another age, to estimate the strength of the forces which made it what it was, to detect those subtle currents of evil which poisoned the minds and polluted the morals of men, is a task the difficulty of which it needs little study of history and little knowledge of the world to understand. No man could have known better than Petronius the frightful abasement of the age he lived in. None knew better than Voltaire how far short the *Pucelle* — infamous as it is — was to the reality he gave his life to scourge. In all men, upon whatever age they may happen to fall, — instructed by study or experience in that larger philosophy of life which, in taking in all its limitations, teaches rather that one should not despair than that he should hope, — there is observable a certain resemblance of sadness or contempt or scorn for the vices they witness, for the world they cannot explain. The loud laughter of Petronius, the coarse buffoonery, the ludicrous details of bestial crimes, while they indicate the corruption of the age, prove more than anything the genius of the writer. As an artist he was to be true to nature, to the life about him, however abandoned or diseased. But to all living, however bad, there is an unseen side which only the poet can explain or represent, not as an abstraction, but as the mingling of many elements.

Petronius was not a reformer, — doubtless would have felt hurt to have been called a teacher; yet there were few in his age who, in an earthly way, taught it more than he did when he mocked at the life he exhibited. His obscenity is appalling, — but the age was shameless. The very plot of his novel reveals a sort of life too repulsive to be alluded to; but it was the every-day life of men. And if he refused to pay to decency so much as a tribute of contempt by drawing a veil, however thin, over the unnatural excesses he ridicules, it was because the manhood of Rome was lost in that wasting flood of evils which came of conquest and slavery and empire, of rapine and cruelty and lust. Not without significance is it, then, that the most exhaustive criticism which has ever been brought to bear upon the subject should have assigned authoritatively and finally to the period between the birth and the death of Christ, the origin of the work which best reveals to us in all its nakedness the depravity of the age which He came to redeem. Vast and brilliant as was the civilization of the Roman world, — its greatest material triumphs still unachieved, its pathway still full of promise, still gilded with glory, — mankind had touched its lowest depth of degradation. The fire which burned up Sodom was not more a retribution

than that which, trailing now along the *Via Sacra*, darted its envenomed flame into all the avenues of the Roman life, and after centuries of struggle swept it at last from the face of the earth forever.

WE welcome with much satisfaction a new and revised edition of Mr. Ticknor's "*History of Spanish Literature*,"* not only on account of the great and universally acknowledged merits of the work, but also because its appearance at the present time shows that there is still a popular demand for works of permanent interest and worth. When the *History* was first published, it was made the subject of a thorough and careful review in our pages,† and to that article we must refer our readers for a sufficient analysis of the work, and a general estimate of its character. But in the interval which has since elapsed Mr. Ticknor has gathered, both at home and abroad, much new and important information in respect to some of the most distinguished Spanish writers, — Garcilasso de la Vega, Luis de Leon, Cervantes, and others, — and also to some of lesser note, of whom no mention was made in his first edition. Of this new matter, the rich fruit of more than ten years of additional study of his subject, he has made excellent use in the beautiful volumes now before us. As we learn from his Preface, and from a careful collation of the successive editions of the *History*, there is scarcely a page which does not bear the marks of revision, to a greater or lesser extent. Several of the more important lives have been rewritten and considerably enlarged; about two hundred new notes have been added, and new historical and biographical details have been incorporated with many of the earlier notes; a new Appendix on "*Recent Publications*" has been inserted, and important additions have been made to two other of the Appendices; the Index has been much enlarged; and side-notes have also been added to facilitate reference. By these various additions and improvements — for we regard every one of his changes as an improvement — Mr. Ticknor has largely increased the value of a work which was already the most thorough and elaborate production of its class in our language. Methodical in arrangement, candid and judicious in criticism, polished and dignified in style, and everywhere bearing the marks of the most diligent and faithful study of his subject, it must always be regarded as one of the noblest monuments of American scholarship. In the new edition we have, as Mr. Ticknor intimates in his Preface, his final corrections. His revision, as we have shown, has been minute and thorough, and must evidently have been to the author an easy and pleasant task. It leaves the work so complete and perfect in all its parts, that probably no gleaner in the same field will ever find anything of importance to add to its copious details of the rise, growth, and decline of Spanish literature, or any sufficient ground for modifying its critical judgments.

* *History of Spanish Literature*. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Third American Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 3 vols. Small 8vo.

† See *Christian Examiner*, January, 1850, Art. VI.

ALMOST simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Ticknor's volumes, we have a new American edition of Mr. Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries,"* the only work in our language which is worthy of a comparison with the "History of Spanish Literature." Like that work, Mr. Hallam's "Introduction" was written in the maturity of its author's powers; and considerable improvements were made in each new edition published during his life, so that the last English edition — of which we have an exact transcript in the elegant volumes now before us — was much superior to either of those that preceded it. From the comprehensiveness of Mr. Hallam's plan, it was impossible for his work to have the same symmetry as Mr. Ticknor's less extended survey; but, in spite of some inequality in execution, and an occasional failure to reach the real heart of the matter in his critical analyses, it is a most admirable production, with which every student of English or Continental literature ought to be thoroughly conversant. It is characterized throughout by that exactness and copiousness of information, that impartiality and candor of statement, and that dignity of style, which are found in all of the author's writings, and which have given him a foremost place among English historians. With the literature of his own country he was intimately acquainted, and he was scarcely less familiar with the languages of several of the Continental nations, while his early studies had led him over much of the ground covered in his latest work. Indeed, the "Introduction" was at first designed merely to supplement the "Middle Ages," and to correct some errors in that work. The two works are inseparably connected; and no one can be said to have studied thoroughly the intellectual progress of Europe since the fall of the Roman empire who is not familiar with both. In the earlier work, we have a picture — elsewhere unequalled in our language — of the general condition of Europe, social, intellectual, and political, down to the close of the fifteenth century; in the first three chapters of the later work, which fill about half of the first volume, Mr. Hallam resurveys a portion of the ground already partially examined in the "Middle Ages," adding many new and important facts, while in the remaining chapters he carries his account of European literature over one of the most momentous periods of modern history.

The volumes now before us form the last instalment of the very beautiful and convenient reprint of Hallam's works commenced a few years ago; and we cannot close this notice without expressing our sense of the obligation which the publishers have laid on the great community of readers and students, by furnishing at so cheap a price so excellent an edition of works which are absolutely essential in every well-selected library. No better service could have been rendered to them.

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By HENRY HALLAM, Foreign Associate of the French Academy. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: W. Veazie. 1863. 4 vols. Small 8vo.

ESSAYS, ETC.

ALPHONSE GRÜN is an instance of a writer whose fine poetic sense has not yielded to prosaic occupation or waned in the infirmities of growing age. His studies have concerned him chiefly in questions of politics and social economy. Yet, in all the distracting cares of business calls and editorial hurry, he has kept and recorded an interior life of meditation and spiritual thought. The most beautiful part of his "*Pensées*"* is reproduced from a smaller volume published in 1847. Very little of that volume has been suppressed from the present issue, and nothing has been changed. It is a satisfaction to the author to be able to say that the last fifteen years of his life have only confirmed the mature opinions of his manhood, and that his philosophy and his faith are what they were in the days of constitutional monarchy, and before the new theological excitement. He claims to write as a thinker "at once religious and liberal, progressive and conservative." He asks the audience only of candid and moderate minds, and he expects from these to find sympathy. In the "spring-time of old age," he offers his counsel to a younger generation, to aid, if he may, their love of beauty, of justice, and of sacred truth. He would hold back, so far as his earnest words can, the destructive tendencies of the time, and distinguish false reform from true and vital growth.

The volume fully justifies his claim. It is one of the most charming, noble, and suggestive books of its kind that have ever come under our notice. There is not a low sentiment or a coarse expression, hardly even an infelicity of style, on any of its pages. The dress is as chaste as the thought is pure and quickening. Short as are the separate essays, and various as are the themes, from the most external to the most profound, a thread of unity runs through them all, and the changing views are entirely consistent. The religion of the volume is ethical; love to man is the practical creed; and man's improvement and elevation here are to be preferred to all technical methods of salvation. Alphonse Grün is no friend to revolutions. He believes that more of liberty is realized under a wisely balanced monarchy than under a fierce democracy, and that the loss of security and peace is not compensated by the gain of some imaginary rights. His spirit is at once reverent and tolerant, and he has no word of bitterness even for the abuses that he would remove. He writes with equal wisdom about affairs of state and of domestic life, about care for the body and the destiny of the soul. Even common thoughts become original in his way of uttering them, and, beneath all the flow of this sentiment, there is a deep pathos, a spirit of subdued resignation, which seems to tell of trials borne and of faith wrought out by suffering. We can recommend this book as alike fascinating in its literary finish and quickening by its spiritual thought.

OF Mr. Hawthorne's new volume † we have not the space for much

* *Pensées des Divers Ages de la Vie. Une Heure de Solitude. Extraits d'une Correspondence. Les Dernières Années.* Par ALPHONSE GRÜN. Paris: Didier et C^{ie}. 1863. 12mo. pp. iv. and 352.

† *Our Old Home.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

remark. All but the first paper has appeared before in pages where it is likely to have met with more general perusal than it will gain in its more permanent form. The papers have all the peculiarities of style which first attracted and will always command the admiration of every reader, and of which a perfect example may be found in the beginning of the paper relating to Miss Bacon. The style is indeed nothing less than fascinating, and is made in some of these pages to conceal, with great success, a poverty of thought which is common enough in the books of former writers who have described a residence or travel in England, and which is seldom wanting in such papers when written for the peremptory pages of a magazine.

What is less pardonable, however, than poverty of thought, is a certain cynicism and coldness of tone which have always been more or less apparent in Mr. Hawthorne's writings, but never so conspicuous or offensive as where in this volume he has permitted himself to allude to the great events in the midst of which it is issued. These allusions are invariably marked by a weariness and disgust of the whole subject of our domestic troubles, and a bitter and petulant contempt for the war, veiled beneath a skilful ambiguity of language and quite capable of plausible denial, but plainly visible, nevertheless, and in lamentable accordance with the dedication to "a statesman who has filled *what was then* the most august position in the world."

Let no man look among these pages for a single generous expression of sympathy with the trials of government and people, a single recognition of the moral elevation and dignity of the national position, or a single allusion, even the most remote, which could fall harshly on the sensitive ears of the Rebel leaders. The war is regarded as a bore which intrudes itself unpleasantly on the *dilettante* seclusion of Mr. Hawthorne, — as a "hurricane" which has blown away the manuscript of a romance which he had intended to publish on the basis of his English observations, and for which he is thus disagreeably forced to substitute these more hasty pages.

It is high time that the false courtesies of criticism should be thrown aside; and that a writer who exalts himself so far as to look down upon his country, should be told that the "thousand peaceful fantasies" which he is "content to scatter upon the hurricane," are as the crackling of thorns under a pot in comparison with the loyal word or the honest vote of the humblest patriot in the land.

THE simple initials inscribed on the first leaf of "In Memoriam," and the image of Arthur which (to use his father's words) "hovers like a dim shadow" over it, make an impression, very faint, indeed, but very satisfying, of an ideal beauty and nobleness and intellectual strength which we rather shrink from exposing to the ruder tests by which a man's mind and character are generally tried. *Stat nominis umbra*. We hardly care to ask so much as whether the Arthur of the most perfect monody in any tongue was like in feature to any man living in the ordinary ways of life. That the name was linked to one so honorable in the ranks of authorship as that of Hallam, it was, so far, a satisfaction to know. But, for ourselves, we have hardly even felt an ordinary curi-

osity to know whether the image we should know him by in his own "Remains" was like the image of him drawn by his friend. And if the veil had been lifted by any hand less reverent and tender, we should scarce have looked at the delicately sculptured outline which it reveals. A mind singularly pure, precocious, and harmonious in its development, utterly penetrated by the spirit of the finest literature and art, subtle and quick of apprehension, giving extraordinary promise of a noble manhood to all who were conversant with it, — a few brief literary essays, little else than fragments, just verifying the quality of admiration and love already won from friends, — the premature death, at twenty-three, from pure delicacy of physical fibre, — such is the slight outline, brief but sufficient, by which the father attests the grief of his bereavement, and friends try to retain

"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

It is enough to say of this exquisite little volume of "Remains,"* that there is nothing in it, from the simple elegance of its manual execution, to the subdued and reticent sadness of the narrative, or the chaste and delicate structure of prose and verse, that is not strictly in keeping with the associations that belong to the subject of the memoir. Maturity and power of thought were hardly to have been asked for; yet we mistake if the essays here collected do not show a largeness of rare knowledge, a grave, manly, and precise habit of thinking, and a firmness of intellectual judgment, which give them high rank even as literary essays, and fully justifies them, on their own merits, in their late appearing before the public.

THOSE who knew Richter's charming treatise on Family Education, quaintly named "Levana," in the English edition, † — a rare, handsome, and much valued book, — will rejoice in the service which has been rendered by putting it, in form still more elegant, before the American public. ‡ It is the one book by which the author should be most easily and pleasantly made known to the greater number of thoughtful readers. His capricious humor and real tenderness, his curiously open eye for observation, his hints, often whimsical and fantastic, yet always with a vein of wisdom running in them, his odd and far-fetched allusions, going along with the homeliest fact or counsel, his daring fashion of speech with trusting piety at heart, the brooding sympathy with which, in all the grotesque play of fancy, he dwells on everything that is human, and chiefly everything that is childlike, — these qualities, so rare in their degree, and rarer in their combination, are shown nowhere, perhaps, to such advantage as in this book of familiar advice to mothers. No outline can well be given of its plan, and hardly any idea of its style at second-hand.

* Remains in Verse and Prose of ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM. With a Preface and Memoir. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Published in 1848.

‡ Levana; or, The Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of Richter. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

"GAIL HAMILTON" has a lively imagination, poetic fancy, and considerable broad-farce humor. When confining herself solely to narrative and description she excites for the time an amused interest. The six papers which furnish the title for the tasteful and solidly bound volume of essays recently issued,* display these qualities. Though marred by the low vulgarisms of "put in his oar," "spew it out of my mouth," and other faults of taste, they are in general sparkling and graphic. Commonplace incidents of travel are told in so piquant a way that they cease to be commonplace, and things and places are sketched with fun and spirit. The little by-play with Halicarnassus is managed with admirable skill. Though constantly snubbed and apparently hen-pecked, he succeeds in maintaining his dignity, and generally triumphs over his fair enemy; and as he is not brought forward too often, his acts and speeches are always effective and timely. Liveliness of narrative and touches of humor, however, are not the only merits of "Gala Days." The dissertation on our "delayed Springs" in the first chapter is full of bright imagery and pleasant thought, and the descriptions of scenery, especially that of the White Mountains, are glowing and eloquent. "Gail Hamilton" is clearly an observant, appreciative lover of nature, and this, combined with her great command of language and her poetic faculty, give to her portraiture of the hills a warmth and vividness rarely surpassed. "A Call to My Countrywomen," following "Gala Days," is a stirring patriotic appeal, and if its counsel is not altogether practicable, it is conceived and uttered in the right spirit. We wish we could praise all the author's essays with as little qualification; but while doing justice to her cleverness and humor, we cannot be blind, not only to the faults of her style, but to more serious defects. The success of her first book has unfortunately rendered her too self-confident; secure, as she fancies, of the ear and favor of the public, she has written too much and too recklessly. She has worked at one vein too long. It is only great thinkers that can venture to cultivate a mannerism. Piquancy degenerates into flippancy when "long drawn out," and as much of "Gail Hamilton's" attractiveness lay in her manner of saying things, rather than in any peculiar wit or worth in the things themselves, the style of her essays has almost lost its charm, while its intense individuality chafes and wearies.

An essayist should be cautious of intruding to a marked extent his own personality on his readers. Experiences well and wittily related are acceptable, but revelations as to likes and dislikes and personal habits are only tolerated when rarely given. But "Gail Hamilton" devotes page after page to details of her whims and personal habits, in regard to which she indulges in confidences which might not specially bore a female friend, but certainly do the public, besides being objectionable on the score of good taste. There are, however, graver faults to condemn than mere flippancy and tediousness. Her writings are too often characterized by a coarseness repulsive in a woman, and an irrev-

* *Gala Days*. By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of "Country Living and Thinking." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

erent quoting of Scripture, which narrowly escapes positive profanity. Her Bible quotations, while occasionally pertinent and well-timed, are far too frequently brought in, — not to illustrate or confirm a truth, but to fill up a pause, add weight to a trivial argument, or, what is still worse, to give point to a jest. When haranguing housekeepers, (“Gail Hamilton” is always haranguing,) she not only appropriates the words of a Gospel narrative, but flippantly adds to it, “Let her say to her servant, ‘Go,’ and he goeth, to another, ‘Come,’ and he cometh, to a third, ‘Do this,’ and he doeth it, and *not potter about*”; and she cannot discuss the important question whether it is better to stay at a hotel or at a friend’s house, or indulge in a midday reverie, without dragging in St. Paul.

There is also much to censure in the tone and purport of her essays. Her judgment not being equal to her self-confidence, she frequently writes on topics she does not understand, and assumes a tone of authority which is offensive. When an author mistakes dogmatic assertion for strength of argument, rhetorical fluency for persuasive eloquence, and bluster for energy, he cannot long escape condemnation. Random speeches and childish exaggerations are pardoned in a writer who only seeks to amuse; but when “Gail Hamilton” takes a higher stand, and sets up as a reformer and counsellor, she should be cautious in her statements and dignified in her tones. When she calls young babies “beasts,” compares them with young monkeys, and sees no spirituality in childhood; when she “wonders,” in the “Spasm of Sense,” “that children do not open their mouths and curse the father that begat and the mother that bore them”; when she makes such broad statements as that, “as things are now at Harvard, college boys are scarcely better than cow-boys for the army,” — that “men are brutes by the law of their nature,” and that “hearts are like limbs, all the stronger for being broken,” — she leaves herself without excuse. The fact that she often writes sensibly and gives good advice makes her the more dangerous as an adviser. It is on this account that we condemn strongly the “Spasm of Sense,” since there is just enough truth in it to make the error seem plausible, and the advice therein given is of a character to be eagerly seized upon by the worldly and selfish, as not only affording an apology, but a vindication, for their own short-comings. “Gail Hamilton,” furthermore, had not the necessary experience or knowledge to write on such a subject, and in treating it she has shown an utter disregard of those Bible precepts which she professes to revere, and also an injudicious zeal.

Of the other essays making up the volume we have not space to speak separately. They have the same faults and the same excellences, — a great deal of good sense, much nonsense, and some impertinence. “Cheri,” which describes the hair-breadth escapes of a pet canary, is written in the author’s best style, and is pleasant and sprightly. A wider experience, more self-knowledge, and less self-confidence, are necessary, before Gail Hamilton can take a high position as teacher and reformer. Until then she must be content simply to amuse.

FICTION.

THE high tone of sentiment, the shrewd, thoughtful reflections, and the sound, practical sense of "*Faith Gartney's Girlhood*,"* together with its insight into and sympathy with the needs and aspirations of girlhood, make it an attractive and admirable book for young people. Reviewed critically as a novel, it is in some respects defective. The chief incidents are of the threadbare romance order, the prominent characters are not developed harmoniously, and the interest of the narrative flags toward the conclusion. It is manifest that the author, in order to carry out satisfactorily the purpose of her story, has sacrificed what is even more essential to its permanent success, — true and natural unfolding of character. The purpose of a novel should ever be subordinate to its unity and completeness. "Good aims," says Mrs. Browning, justly and aptly, "do not always make good books"; and while doing full justice to the high-minded faithfulness with which the author sets forth the grave importance of a marriage-engagement, and the danger of fatal mistakes therein, we regret that she had not bestowed greater care on the artistic finish of her story, thereby rendering it more pleasing, and consequently more widely useful. There is no fault to find with the first half of the book. It is bright and fresh, sparkling with fun at intervals, and describes home life and home scenes with spirit and naturalness. As a young girl Faith Gartney is very interesting. Her sunny, cheerful temper, her decision and energy, fascinate readily, while the way she bears her little privations and lightens the load of her father's anxieties wins esteem and confidence. But as Faith grows into womanhood, and "lovers come a-wooing," she loses these charming characteristics of her girlhood, and becomes timid, vacillating, and insipid. An energetic, prompt, quick-witted girl, as she is first represented, could never, except by a stroke of mental paralysis, develop into a woman of directly opposite qualities; and it is this lack of unity which mars the beauty of her character.

The author makes another mistake, in failing to render the successful rival as attractive a person as the forsaken lover. The interest should have concentrated on Mr. Armstrong, whereas he wins no sympathy. He is of the "Dunallan" type of hero, without those fascinating qualities which have so endeared Dunallan to feminine readers. Mr. Armstrong is evidently meant to be a model of manly excellence, but unfortunately is only made faultless and weak. While obviously in love with Faith, he faints dead away — a thing which able-bodied, strong-minded men are not apt to do — at the sudden appearance of a nurse whom he believed dead, and whom he had last seen at the dying-bed of the lady who was to have been his wife. He is furthermore enriched and lives in affluence with Faith on the wealth bestowed upon him by this early love. Endowing a man with the money of one woman that he may live happily with another, is in rather bad taste; and the part which Mr. Armstrong is made to play at the

* *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*. By the Author of "*Boys at Chequasset*." Boston: Loring. 1863.

catastrophe of the mill is also melodramatic. Paul Rushleigh is a much more manly and pleasing person, and his disappointment in regard to Faith serves to bring out his noble qualities. The writer is scarcely just, however, in laying so little stress on the wrong done to a man who is "jilted," and we must strongly object to the speech put in the mouth of Nurse Sampson, and given authoritatively: "Talk of making a man miserable! Suppose you do for a little while; 't won't last long." In Paul Rushleigh's case the discipline is wisely made salutary; but it does not always have that effect, and it is never well, when we have wronged others, to console ourselves with the reflection that good has been brought out of our evil.

Glory McWhirk, who divides the interest with Faith, is equally interesting as a child. The poor, patient drudge of the severe Mrs. Grubling, seeing "good times all around her, and she not in 'em," she excites a lively regard and sympathy. The episode of the friendly old apple-woman, and the story of "the little rid hin," are given with effect. When Glory is rescued from her tyrant, and her lines fall "in pleasant places," and she is given up to a glorified imagination, the interest dies away; but it revives again at the close of the book. "Aunt Henderson," with her rough, quaint way of saying homely truths, is a well-drawn character, and "Nurse Sampson," who never undertakes "easy cases," and thinks "somebody must always eat drumsticks," is original and entertaining; though Mis' Battis, the relict who "ain't anyways particler about hiring out," and who is characterized by Luther as having "considerable gumption, but powerful slow," is decidedly the most amusing.

Among the many charming descriptions in "Faith Gartney" we note especially that of the winter's morning when nature, draped in ice, sparkled with jewels, and the less poetic but quite as graphic picture of Boston streets the night before Christmas.

A WRITER in widely circulated magazines, whose stories command a fresh and ready sale when collected in a volume, has acquired popularity, and is too well known to need extended criticism. This is the case with the author of "The Amber Gods."* Her genius — manifested in the creations of a vivid and sensuous imagination, a style of warm and passionate earnestness, descriptions gorgeous with tropical coloring, and insight into strongly moved and wayward natures — is unquestionable. In spite of faults of exaggeration and excess, both of rhetoric and sentiment, as well as of indistinctness of plot, there is a poetic force in her word-paintings, a fascination in their profuse opulence, and a palpitating, impulsive, fervid vitality in some of her characterizations, which give her a grasp on the attention of many readers, and a potent sway over many minds. With clear, cool-headed thinkers, who have outlived the romance of youth, and lovers of a lucid simplicity, she may not be a favorite. She asks them to breathe too constantly the heated

* *The Amber Gods, and Other Stories.* By HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

and perfume-laden air of the conservatory, crowded with the heavily tinted blossoms of exotics. She invites them to stay too long in galleries hung with pictures too uniformly overwrought, and dazzles them too frequently with exhibitions of crowds of flashing gems. They prefer a clearer and more bracing atmosphere, the gentler loveliness of modest wild-flowers, scenes that are home-like, and narratives less exactly intense. Still Miss Prescott is by no means without versatility, and some of her tales interest by a healthful and homely treatment, a keen perception of character in every-day life, and an unobtrusive and suggestive pathos. On the whole, she has gained a foremost place among the contributors to the lighter forms of periodical literature, which she will probably retain, since she has been careful not to write too much, and improves upon herself.

Her most effective production is "Circumstance." In originality of conception and unity of artistic finish it stands by itself, in our judgment, as one of those happy efforts of a high mood, where the faculties work together with unconscious and yet intelligent harmony to give complete expression in words to peculiar and profound mental and emotional experiences. The incidents for the sketch are very slight; what its title implies, a mere circumstance. Yet the imaginative rendering of the adventure is full of power and beauty. Seizing upon the superstition that the savage beast could be kept aloof by the fascination of music, the interpretation through the medium of song of the change from fear and agony to high religious trust, the translation into ballad and lyric and psalm and anthem of the inward struggles and shifting feelings of the endangered woman, is a rare piece of descriptive composition, almost perfect in the fitness of its illustrations and the accurate skill of its psychological analysis.

The improbability of the occurrence and its unnaturalness as the machinery of a story are of no moment. The brief, thrilling essay is not a story. It is poetry and painting combining with the leading agency of music to give utterance to the terror and fortitude, the despair and hope, the earthly love and the devout faith, of a true woman's heart in an hour of mortal peril. The reader listens strangely charmed into forgetfulness of the singer's fatal exposures by the deep and changeful significance of her song. No one, save her husband, could have broken the spell and fired the rescuing shot. The close of this prose poem, this bit of chanted metaphysics, so to call it, is not its least merit. There is relief and a lesson in the transition from the escaped, almost supernatural tragedy of the forest, to the material desolation of the human savages. Some, who remember "Circumstance," after superficial reading, only as an unattractive, if not meaningless, wild fragment, may think our commendation of it altogether too unqualified. But we believe a study of this marked production will justify all we have intimated of its merits.

**** The List of New Publications Received, and several Literary Notices, are deferred till January.*

INDEX

TO THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER,

NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII.

JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1863.

- Abelard the Lecturer, 74.
 Altar, Pulpit, and Platform, 242-257.
 Amber Gods, etc., 461.
 American Cyclopædia (completed), 153.
 Annual Cyclopædia, 311.
 Art and Artists of America, 114-127.
 Austin Elliot, 309.
 Beecher, Rev. Charles, trial for heresy, 387.
 Beecher, Rev. H. W., Discourses on Freedom and War, 447.
 Belief, Conditions of, 1-23 — Farrar's Bampton Lectures, 1 — character of early Christian thought, 5 — lack of natural science, 7 — speculative philosophy, 9 — conflict with barbarism, 12 — the Reformation, 13 — doctrine of future state, 15 — effect of modern science, 17 — rationalism and supernaturalism, 19 — opinion and faith, 22 — moral conditions, 393.
 Bernard, St., Life, by Morison, 119.
 Bierstadt, Rocky Mountains, 123.
 Brace, Races of the Old World, 136.
 Browning, Mrs., Essays on the Poets, 24-43.
 Brunel, Life by Beamish, 298.
 Burton, Helps to Education, 312.
 Bushnell on the Character of Jesus, 337.
 Chambers's Encyclopædia, 154.
 China and Chinese (Smith), 145.
 Christian Hymn-Book, 132.
 Church, the Painter, 122.
 Cobbe, Miss, Religious Demands of the Age, 282.
 Colenso Controversy, 97-114.
 Colenso, Pentateuch and Joshua, Part II., 128.
 Common Prayer (Sadler and Martineau), 130.
 Confessors of 1662, 143.
 Conformity, New Attempts at, 387-395.
 Georgetown Council, 388 — effect of controversy, 391 — moral conditions of belief, 393.
 Denton, The Soul of Things, 285.
 Draper, Intellectual Development of Europe, 137.
 Druses and Maronites (Churchill), 303.
 Dürer, Life, by Von Eye, 294-298.
 Elizabeth, Story of (Miss Thackeray), 148.
 English Expositions of Neutrality, 435-445.
 Estvân, War Pictures, 290.
 Faith Gartney's Girlhood, 460.
 Farrar's Bampton Lectures, 1-4.
 Fiction, Reality of, 176-185.
 Fisher, Trial of Constitution, criticised, 286.
 Free Thought, History of, 1-4.
 Gail Hamilton's Gala Days, 458.
 Gentleman, The (Calvert), 150.
 Gnostics, 161.
 Gospels, Schools of Criticism, 313-316.
 Gregorovius, History of Mediæval Rome, 186.
 Grün, Meditations, 455.
 Hallam, History of Literature, 454.
 Hallam, A. H., "Remains," 457.
 Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," 455.
 Heat, Tyndall on, 283.
 History, its Rude Methods, 403.
 Horses of Sahara (Daumas), 308.
 Hospital Transports, 310.
 Hoyt, Miscellanies, 150.
 Huss, Life and Times, by Gillett, 446.
 Hutton, Ulric von, 339-356 — his life and wanderings, 341-348 — at Mayence, 343, 349 — in Italy, 344 — writings, 345 — Sickingen, 349, 353 — controversy with Pope, 351 — political views, 353 — later life, 355.
 Huxley, Man's Place in Nature, 136.
 Italy (Canon Wordsworth), 302.
 James, Henry, on Creation, 212-224 — style and argument, 214 — problems discussed, 217 — moral freedom, 219 — the Divine love, 223.
 Japanese Fragments (Osborn), 147.
 Kemble, Mrs., Journal of Residence on a Georgia Plantation, 294.
 Kinglake and his Critics, 81-96.
 Kingsley Henry, Austin Elliot, 309.
 Kingsley Charles, Two Years Ago, and Lectures at Cambridge on the American Struggle, 421.
 Levana (Richter), 458.
 London (Emerson), 152.

- Loyalty in the West, 225-241 — first uprising, 227 — enlistments, 231 — border district, 233 — elements of disloyalty, 237 — Union sentiment, 240.
- Lyell, Sir Charles, Antiquity of Man, 134.
- Mentone, Winter at, 300.
- Merivale, Romans of the Empire, 45.
- Mommsen, Roman History, 45.
- Montanism, 159.
- Morality, according to Henry James, 219.
- Murray (Kirwan), Life, by Dr. Prime, 299.
- Nippon and Pecheli (Fonblanque), 306.
- Oratory, function of, 397.
- Orr, on Unitarianism, 282.
- Osgood, S., Theological School Address, 283.
- Palermo, The Hannibal at (Mundy), 302.
- Peru and India (Markham), 305.
- Petronius, Prof. Beck's Essay on, 449.
- Phillips, Wendell, Speeches, &c., 293 — as an orator, 396-409.
- Popham and Gorges, Colonial Schemes, 143.
- Preacher function, 246-251 — power, 254.
- Protestantism, spirit of, 389, 411, 415.
- Pulpit in the Past, 61-80 — Eastern Church, 63 — Western, 64 — preaching friars, 66 — on Church abuses, 72 — Abelard, 74 — Savonarola, 77.
- Renan, Vie de Jésus, 279, 312-339 — view of the Gospels, 316-319, 333 — character of the Life, 321 — the picture of Jesus, 322 — teachings, 325 — legends, 327 — at Jerusalem, 328 — the end, 330 — general criticism, 334.
- Richter, Levana, 458.
- Rome, Republican and Imperial, 44-60 — the kings, 47 — army and people, 49 — Senate, 50 — Legion, 51 — relations with Carthage, 53 — Greeks, 55 — religion, 57 — military empire, 59.
- Rome in the Middle Age, 185-203 — decay of the Empire, 189 — moral degradation, 191 — relic-worship, 195 — fiction of female Pope, 197 — ancient letters, 201 — monuments, 202.
- Rome, Modern, 410-421 — influence of paganism, 411 — temporal power of the Popes, 412 — factions in Italy, 413 — reaction from Protestantism, 415 — the Italian Republics, 417 — age of Leo X., 419.
- Russell, Earl, his speech on neutrality, 445.
- Savonarola the Preacher, 77.
- Science in the early Church, 7 — its effect on religious belief, 17.
- Scientific Annual, 153.
- Servia and the Servians (Denton), 144.
- Siberian Exile (Pietrowski), 145.
- Soul of Things (Denton), 285.
- Story, W. W., Roba di Roma, 301.
- Taeping Rebellion (Brine), 306.
- Tartary, etc. (Torrens), 304.
- Taylor, Henry, 357-387 — literary character and life, 359 — style, 363 — Isaac Comnenus, 365 — Philip van Artevelde, 370 — Edwin the Fair, 377 — the Statesman, 384 — Notes from Life, 385.
- Tertullian and Montanism, 157-176 — Montanus, 159 — Gnosticism, 161 — character of Tertullian, 163 — writings, 165 — De Spectaculis, 167 — Apology, 169 — doctrinal views, 173 — style, 175.
- Theodoric, King of Italy, 192.
- Ticknor's Spanish History, 453.
- Tropics, In the, 308.
- Tyndall on Heat, 284.
- Victory, A Month of, 258-278 — the victories of July, 259 — their effect, 261 — the stake at issue, 265 — decline of the rebellion, 267 — political effect in the South, 268 — reconstruction, 270 — State sovereignty, 271 — policy of emancipation, 274 — motive of the war, 277.
- Voltaire, Letters recently published, 449.
- Yeddo and Peking (Fortune), 307.
- Yang-Tsze (Blakiston), 146.
- Zschokke, Meditations, 203-212.

